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FROM BEGINNING,
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A CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF "HELBECK OF BANNISDALE."

Every reader—and especially every Catholic reader—of the fascinating pages of Robert Elsmere will turn with curious interest to a novel by Mrs. Ward, of which the scene is laid in a Catholic household, and the object seems to be to delineate the influence of the Catholic Church on ordinary life. It is exclusively under this aspect that I now propose to consider "Helbeck of Bannisdale." I shall not attempt any general criticism of it, though I cannot forbear to express my keen appreciation of its wonderful literary skill, of its vivid and life-like pictures of English life, and of the intense interest with which Mrs. Ward clothes the personality of the men and women to whom she introduces us. But I must pass over all these, and limit myself simply to the question of its truth and accuracy, in so far as it portrays the relations of the Catholic Church to English society, and the tone imparted to those who are guided by Catholic principles, and who live and breathe in a Catholic atmosphere.

But perhaps I may be allowed one little criticism which has a bearing on my subject. The book has the name of "Helbeck of Bannisdale," but after a careful reading I cannot say that he is the character that leaves upon my mind the deepest impression. It is Laura Fountain, rather than Alan Helbeck, who is the most prominent personage in its pages; it is her history, rather than that of Alan, around

which the interest of the story centres. It is her attitude to all things Catholic, on which our attention is concentrated. It is she who chiefly attracts our notice, moves our pity, and, I do not hesitate to add, enlists on her side our sympathy and our love.

For Laura Fountain with all her faults is a most attractive and lovable girl. Her clinging affection for her father's memory, her strength of will joined to that desire to be conquered which is an essential part of a true woman, her maidenly reserve, her unselfish devotion in the presence of sorrow and of death, her secret craving after an ideal, and her hatred of all that is mean and base and cowardly, her love of purity, and her unswerving courage in the face of circumstances the most difficult—all these, to say nothing of her personal grace and beauty, can scarcely fail to win the heart of the reader, and lead him to hope and expect a happy termination to the chequered story of her life.

And here I find the first great blot on Mrs. Ward's book. Poor Laura's unhappy end, though it does not impair the literary merit of the story, mars in no small degree its artistic beauty. It is altogether out of harmony with all that has gone before. That one whom we have learned to love and admire should end her life by a cowardly, vulgar, selfish crime, raises in us a feeling, not merely of sorrow and disappointment, but of dis-

gust and indignation. Whatever the purport of the book may be, and of this I shall speak presently, the concluding scene is an open confession of failure on the part of the writer. It is a cynical acknowledgment that her ideal of life is a disastrous one, and has the most fatal and degrading consequences. We do not exactly blame Mrs. Ward for it. She is compelled to it by her false position. It is her only way of supporting her thesis that revolt against the influences with which Laura is surrounded must be maintained to the end. In her desire to avoid anything like submission she is driven to the clumsy alternative of making her heroine commit the most ignoble and dastardly of crimes.

What renders this termination of poor Laura's struggles the more unpardonable is that only a few pages before she had shown signs of yielding. The womanly instinct, the desire to be conquered, had declared itself. Her love for Helbeck had combined with the softening influences of her stepmother's deathbed. She had realized the force of the saying that Catholicism is the faith to die in. It was indeed a human affection which had finally broken down the barrier, but still there was the fact that broken down it had been. "If you can't love me unless I am a Catholic I must just be a Catholic, if any power can make me one. Why, Father Leadham can persuade me—he must! . . . I am nothing but an ignorant, foolish girl. And he has persuaded so many wise people, you have often told me. Oh, he must, he must persuade me!" (p. 447).

If, after this, the baneful shadow of a mere obstinate, irrational, self-willed rebellion falls on the poor child, and drives her without rhyme or reason to the detestable crime which she is represented as committing, all this is a virtual acknowledgment not only

of the miserable failure, but of the heartless cruelty of the sceptical creed which Mrs. Ward desires to glorify.

I have begun with this concluding scene because it is this which really gives us the key to the whole book. Its object is, if I read it aright, to justify revolt by discrediting the only consistent and logical form of Christianity. I will now examine how far Mrs. Ward pursues her end in accordance with the ordinary principles of truth and justice.

This brings us back to Alan Helbeck himself. He is introduced to us as walking through his park on his way to meet his sister and Laura, who are coming to live with him in his solitary and desolate home. He is reflecting on his loneliness.

"It's strange how much more alone I've felt in this place of late than I used to feel"—was Helbeck's reflection upon it, at last. "I reckon it's since I sold the Leasownes land. Or is it, perhaps—"

He fell into a reverie marked by a frowning expression, and a harsh drawing-down of the mouth. But gradually, as he swung along, muttered words began to escape him, and his hand went to a book that he carried in his pocket. "*O dust, learn of Me to obey! Learn of Me, O earth and clay, to humble thyself, and to cast thyself under the feet of all men for the love of Me.*" As he murmured the words, which soon became inaudible, his aspect cleared, his eyes raised themselves again to the landscape, and became once more conscious of its growth and life. (p. 5).

Now this quotation, most beautiful in the pages of the "Imitation of Christ," jars upon us in its present setting. It is meant to jar upon us. It is intended to imply a struggle between the common sense of an English gentleman and landowner whose distinct duty it is to keep up his house and grounds conformably to his station, and the unhealthy and morbid spirit

of asceticism and self-renunciation which has led him gradually to strip himself bare and sell his land, in order to feed the Catholic charities which are gradually eating him out of house and home. This morbid spirit is represented as the result of his Jesuit training. His sister explains this to Mr. Fountain, a Cambridge scholar and a complete sceptic, whom she had married some years before the story opens. She had been staying at a seaside place where she made Mr. Fountain's acquaintance and expressed to him her distaste of the miserable home where she and her younger brother were living.

Gradually he made her explain herself. The brother, it appeared, was twelve years younger than herself, and had been brought up first at Stonyhurst, and afterwards at Louvain, in constant separation from the rest of the family. He had never had much in common with his home since at Stonyhurst he had come under the influence of a Jesuit teacher, who, in the language of old Helbeck, had turned him into "a fond sort of fellow" swarming with notions that could only serve to carry the family decadence a step further. (p. 26).

The result of this Jesuit influence is that Alan makes his sister's life a very miserable one.

"It's hard to be always pulled up and set right by some one you've nursed in his cradle. Oh! I don't mean he says anything—he and I never had words in our lives. But it is the way he has of doing things—the changes he makes. You feel how he disapproves of you—he doesn't like my friends, our old friends—the house is like a desert since he came. And the money he gives away! The priests just suck us dry, and he hasn't got it to give. Oh! I know it's all very wicked of me, but when I think of going back to him—just us two, you know, in that old house—and all the trouble about money—"

Her voice failed her.

"Well, don't go back," said Fountain,

laying his hand on her arm. (pp. 26, 27).

When Fountain dies, his wife, who had during his lifetime given up the practice of her religion, is smitten with remorse, and determines in her helplessness and regret for the past to return with her stepdaughter Laura to Bannisdale. The girl, who was devoted to her father and had imbibed from him the spirit of revolt and aloofness from all religion, comes with her, firmly resolved to resist all the influences of the place. On their arrival this resolution is strengthened by the state of things that she encounters there. "The house is almost stripped bare—here and there some lingering fragment of fine furniture, but as a rule bareness, poverty and void; nothing could be more piteous!"

The explanation, of course, was very simple. Alan Helbeck had been living upon his house, as upon any other capital. Or, rather, he had been making *alms* of it. The house stood gashed and bare, that Catholic orphans might be put to school—was that it? Laura hardly listened to Augustina's plaintive babble as they crossed the hall. It was all about Alan, of course—Alan's virtues, Alan's charities. As for the orphans, the girl hated the thought of them. Grasping little wretches! She could see them all in a sanctimonious row, their eyes cast up, —and rosaries—like the one Augustina was always trying to hide from her—in their ugly little hands. (p. 52).

Presently she is introduced to the parish priest, a little man with grey hair and chubby hands, whom Mrs. Ward holds up to our derision.

Suddenly Father Bowles got up from his chair, ran across the room to the window with his napkin in his hand, and pounced eagerly upon a fly that was buzzing on the pane. Then he carefully opened the window, and flicked the dead thing off the sill.

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly to Mrs. Fountain as he returned to his

seat. "It was a nasty fly. I can't abide 'em. I always think of Beelzebub, who was the prince of flies." (p. 59).

Some days later she made the acquaintance of the "Sisters" for whose orphanage the house had been made desolate. She had been introduced to one of them. Ugh!

Ugh! what manners! Must one always, if one was a Catholic, make that cloying, hypocritical impression? "Three of them kissed me!" she reminded herself in a quiver of wrath. (p. 65).

I might go on quoting such passages almost without end, but I do not wish to fill my paper with quotations already familiar to my readers. Poor Laura at every turn meets with the same narrowness and superstition, greed on the part of priests and nuns, Quixotic (not to say culpable) extravagance on the part of Helbeck in his almsgiving, joined to a proud, hard, self-willed spirit which repels her the more because of the garb of humility which clothes it. Elsewhere the Catholic religion spreads around her an atmosphere in which the poor child can scarcely breathe, and when one day she drives alone through the lovely country to pay a visit to some cousins not far off, she experiences a delightful relief at escaping from her prison house.

On her return she finds the "orphans," and the "black women" who are their guardians, enjoying a sort of fête in Mr. Helbeck's grounds. One of the children tells her a pious story of some Religious who was not allowed to visit his dying brother; and the story, a most extravagant and objectionable one, such as we cannot conceive any one in his senses telling to a child, or any child repeating to her elders, fills her with disgust:

Laura sprang up. The child, who

had expected a kiss and a pious phrase, looked up, startled.

"Wasn't that a pretty story?" she said timidly.

"No; I don't like it at all," said Miss Fountain, decidedly. "I wonder they tell you such tales!"

The child stared at her for a moment. Then a sudden veil fell across the clearness of her eyes, which had the preternatural size and brilliance of disease. Her expression changed. It became the slyness of the watching animal, that feels the enemy. She said not another word. . . .

"Little bigot!" thought Laura, half angry, half amused; "do they catch it from their cradle?" (p. 120).

The result of all this is that the spirit of rebellion which Laura had brought with her to Bannisdale grew for a time stronger and more intense. She goes into the chapel and a wave of intense repulsion spreads through her. She stares at the altar with an intense repugnance! "What a gross, what an intolerable superstition!" How was she to live with it, beside it? If from time to time she found in the Catholic faith something that appealed to an element in her woman's nature which had almost died away from long disuse, she was soon driven back by some fresh discovery of bigotry and superstition into hostility and revolt. At length she unbosoms herself to a friend.

"After this week" (Holy Week), wrote Laura to her friend, "I shall always feel kindly towards 'sin' and the 'world!'" How they have been scouted and scourged! And what, I ask you, would any of us do without them? The "world" indeed! I seem to hear it go rumbling on, the poor, patient, tolling thing, while these people are praying. It works, and makes it possible for them to pray—while they abuse and revile it." (p. 142).

What are we to say of this picture of the life at Bannisdale, and of the effect it produces upon a girl who has a good heart, good common sense, an affec-

tionate nature, healthy instincts, and a character capable of being moulded to a high type of virtue?

I find it hard to write calmly and impartially on a subject that stirs in me keen consciousness of injustice and a feeling of strong indignation. The life at Bannisdale is painted as a picture of Catholic life, and the characters are supposed to be representative of the Catholic type that is developed by Catholic beliefs. After reading and re-reading Mrs. Ward's story, I say without hesitation there never was a more absurd travesty of all things Catholic put before the English reader. From first to last it is nothing more than a gross burlesque. If the influences of the Church produced the results which are depicted in its pages, no one could blame poor Laura for her attitude of hostility. By innuendo and suggestion, by a policy of suppression and misrepresentation, by exaggerating the foibles and follies of individual Catholics, and attributing to their religion what is really due to their own whims and eccentricities, Mrs. Ward has succeeded in disparaging the Catholic Church in the eyes of all who, through ignorance of the reality, are unable to form a true opinion for themselves. The book is worse than a misrepresentation; it is a calumny. But this assertion I must establish by facts.

First of all the hero, Helbeck, speaks and acts as a well-instructed Catholic could not possibly speak and act if he were in his right senses. I have already noticed the morbid asceticism which he manifests in the first scene. What could be more opposed to Catholic charity than his unkindness to his sister? Any priest would have told him that his so-called charities were at variance with the first principles of right reason. He had a distinct duty as a Catholic landowner, which rendered it most unseemly to strip him-

self little by little of his ancestral possessions for the benefit of those who had no claim upon him whatever. His duty to his sister made it an act of injustice and cruelty. To be generous to the poor and provide for the orphans and the fatherless is only pleasing to God if it is not inconsistent with other duties. Alan is moreover depicted in these pages as selfish, proud, ill-tempered, self-willed, hypocritical and priggish, and we are given to understand that all the morbid elements in his nature are the influence of his religion. His lonely hermit's life at Bannisdale is a most unhealthy and objectionable one. If he had chosen after his sister's marriage to sell his property and enter a Religious Order, I should not have blamed him; though I am quite sure that every Catholic priest would have advised him to make a suitable provision for his sister in case of her husband's death. But to remain in the world with all the responsibilities that the possession of Bannisdale entailed on him, and to alienate his neighbors, and to cut himself off from the society which is a necessity to every well-constituted nature, was nothing else than mere morbid folly. To allow the priests to "suck him dry" while his sister still lived with him was worse; it was a neglect of duty, a neglecting of that true charity which is the first of Christian virtues. His whole view of life was at variance with the principles of Christian ethics. And when there gradually and insensibly grew up in him a pure and chaste affection for Laura, the battle he has with himself is nothing more than a caricature of the battles that take place in the Christian soldier between his inclination and his duty to God. Here there was no duty to draw him back. Mixed marriages are open to a thousand objections, but sometimes they are good and lawful. Any one who reads Mrs.

Ward's book carefully, and has made a study of Laura's character, cannot fail to see that she was one who would have yielded in the end. In fact she does yield, and here Mrs. Ward, forgetting the thesis she desires to establish, gives herself away. Her womanly instinct is too much for her. She is driven on to the clumsy and *banal* fiasco at the end of the book in order to save herself, as she thinks, from the natural and legitimate conclusion which clearly ought to close her story. She herself lets us see that it is the legitimate conclusion, by the attitude taken up by Father Leadham to the marriage. He at last has the common sense to see that Helbeck ought to marry Laura.

All this makes Helbeck's struggle with himself when he is conscious of their mutual love a piece of unhealthy, unnatural and unchristian selfishness. Let us see how Mrs. Ward describes the scene:—

Groans broke from him. In vain he scourged himself and the vileness of his own thoughts. In vain he said to himself, "All her instincts, her preferences, are pure, guileless, delicate—I could swear it, I who have watched her every look and motion." Temper? Yes. Caprice? Yes. A hundred immaturities and rawnesses? Yes. But at the root of all the most dazzling, the most convincing maidenliness. (p. 253).

And here follows a paragraph against which in the paths of truth I desire to protest as nothing else than a wicked and cruel libel on the teaching of the Catholic Church:—

There is something in the Catholic discipline on points of self-relation that perhaps weakens a man's instinctive confidence in women. Evil and its varieties, in this field, are pressed upon his thoughts perpetually with a scholastic fulness so complete, a deductive frankness so compelling, that nothing stands against the pro-

cess. He sees corruption everywhere—dreads it everywhere. There is no part of its empire, or its action, that his imagination is allowed to leave in shadow. It is the confessional that works. The devout Catholic sees all the world *sub specie peccati*. The flesh seems to him always ready to fall, the devil always at hand. (pp. 253, 254).

Absolutely false from beginning to end! or, perhaps I should rather say, a distorted perversion of truth, which makes it a worse untruth than that which has in it no element of what is true. It is the well-worn Protestant argument based on ignorance and prejudice. *It must be so, therefore it is so!*

It is indeed true that the Catholic, knowing the weakness of his human nature, is ever on the watch over himself. He dreads the beginnings of sin. He wisely sets his guard where he knows he is prone to fall. But to distort this duty of watchfulness into a theory that he sees corruption everywhere is a gross libel on the whole Catholic community. To attribute this to the influence of the confessional can only be excused by ignorance of the working of that salutary and divine institution; or, rather, it is inexcusable on the part of a writer who knows no more of the working of the sacrament of penance than she knows of the natural history of Kamschatka, or any other subject of which she is wholly and entirely ignorant. To say that Catholic discipline weakens a man's instinctive confidence in women is an injustice both to Catholic men and Catholic women. So far from weakening it, Catholic discipline tends to strengthen and establish the firm confidence of the well-instructed Catholic in the purity and guilelessness of the Catholic maiden whom he has learned to respect and love. If there is anywhere suspiciousness and distrust, it is outside the Catholic Church, among those who have no ideal to raise their hearts heavenwards, and

who regard as a mere "fairy tale" the story of the countless army of unspotted virgins who in the celestial paradise "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." It is where supernatural virtue is a thing unknown that natural virtue, deprived of all higher support, runs a danger of shipwreck among the shoals and quicksands of modern society.

With rather a curious inconsistency Mr. Helbeck, the bigoted Catholic, is in one point quite unaccountably liberal. Laura's father had lived and died a complete sceptic, a man highly educated, but without any sort of religion. He was not merely outside the Catholic Church, but destitute of any religious belief whatever. Such a one *may* indeed at the last moment have made his peace with God, for we never know what may then take place between the creature and his Creator. But, as far as appearances went, there was no sign or trace of that submission which is necessary for all who are to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet Helbeck, with a breadth of view utterly at variance with the picture of him drawn throughout the book, not only had asked for prayers for poor Fountain's soul, but alleged a supernatural intimation that it was all well with him.

"I stayed long in the chapel that night. It was borne in upon me, with a certainty I shall never lose, that all was well with your poor father. Our Blessed Lord has revealed to him in that other life what an invincible ignorance hid from him here."

He spoke with a beautiful simplicity, like a man dealing with all that was most familiarly and yet sacredly real to his daily mind and thought. (p. 265).

Yet a short time after telling this ridiculous story, the misguided man refuses to accept a very advantageous offer for a piece of ground belonging to him, because forsooth he discovered

that the purchaser intended to build upon it an Anglican church and parsonage, in a neighborhood, too, that was entirely Protestant. He preferred to dispose of an old family portrait of great value that was an heirloom in his house rather than sell the ground when he knew that it was to be employed for Anglican purposes. Not only was the sale under such conditions a perfectly lawful one, as any Catholic theologian would have told him, but one that under the circumstances was most advisable. To refuse it was sure to arouse a very natural and a very justifiable indignation on the part of the intending purchaser, and so to prejudice the cause of Catholicity. To get rid of his ancestral picture was an injury to his family, and had the worst possible effect on Laura, to whom he was at the time engaged, and who had therefore some claim to a voice in the arrangement. All this would be of little importance, if the reader was to regard it as a piece of Alan's own self-willed bigotry. But the impression which the whole scene (it is too long to quote) is intended to convey is that his refusal was due to his Catholic training and to his staunch adherence to Catholic principles. It is this which makes the book such an unjust, not to say dishonest, one. It represents the hero as committing all kinds of extravagant follies, and gives us to understand that these follies and extravagances are, from a Catholic point of view, something noble and worthy of our admiration.

Intermingled with incidents like these are some rather morbid and unnatural experiences with which poor Laura is favored by the hero and others from time to time. Helbeck tells her the story of his soul—and a very unhealthy story we must confess that it is, one against which a feeling of revolt will rise in the mind of any

sensible Catholic who reads it. If poor Laura had said to him, "Wretched creature, I will have nothing more to do with you," it would have served him right for putting before her such an exhibition of unwholesome self-analysis. That Mrs. Ward should have employed her wonderful literary powers and her ever fertile imagination to put such a story before us, as if it were a sort of typical instance of the mental struggles of a loyal and high-minded Catholic, is not at all to her credit. It is another most unfair attempt to prejudice the reader against the system which she professes to portray, but of which she gives nothing else than a horrible and ghastly caricature.

Another of these quasi-pious utterances is a conversation, accidentally overheard by Laura, between Helbeck and a certain Jesuit scholastic, who not long after runs away from the order and gives up religion altogether; in which the young Jesuit pours out a lot of sickly sentimental rubbish, worthy only of a crazy idiot. We confess we cannot quite understand how these passages promote the end aimed at in the book, unless its object is to disparage Catholic teaching by every sort of means in her power, fair or unfair, in order to justify Laura's final revolt and its ignoble catastrophe.

But there is one passage which I must not omit, because it is, perhaps, the most successful "hit" made in the course of these pages.

The story is in its main details true. Laura is talking to Helbeck:—

"Do you—do you think St. Francis Borgia was a very admirable person?"

"Well, I got a good deal of edification out of him," said Helbeck quietly.

"Did you? Would you be like him if you could? Do you remember when his wife was very ill, and he was praying for her, he heard a voice—do you remember?"

"Go on," said Helbeck, nodding.

"And the voice said, 'If thou wouldst have the life of the duchess prolonged, it shall be granted; but it is not expedient for thee,'—"thee," mind—not her! When he heard this, he was penetrated by a most tender love of God, and burst into tears. Then he asked God to do as he pleased with the lives of his wife and his children, and himself. He gave up—I suppose he gave up—praying for her. She became worse and died, leaving him a widower at the age of thirty-six. 'Afterwards—don't, please, interrupt!—in the space of three years he disposed somehow of all his eight children—some of them I reckoned must be quite babies—took the vows, became a Jesuit, and went to Rome." (p. 347).

This story will at first sight make a very painful impression on all Protestant and some Catholic readers. It presents the appearance of what is the worst form of all selfishness, religious selfishness. It seems to imply that the saint sacrificed the interests—nay the life—of his wife to his own personal advantage. But what are the real facts?

The saint was praying earnestly for his wife's recovery when a voice within told him that he would attain to a higher virtue and serve God better if he were to be left alone in the world than if he continued to reign as Duke of Gandia in the undisturbed tranquillity of his ducal palace. The idea of separation from those he loved was simply agonizing to him; it tore his very heart-strings to give them up. But if he was convinced that it was more for God's glory that he should part with them, the act of submission to what he believed was God's will was not a miserable instance of "the horrible egotism of religion poisoning everything," but an heroic act of self-sacrifice. If it was the will of God that he should be left desolate, who was he that he should run counter to that Holy Will? From that moment it would have been sheer unfaithfulness to God if he had cried out to God

that he would have her live, even though he knew that the continuation of her life was detrimental to the glory of God. From the first his prayer incessantly was, "O God, spare her life. Nevertheless not my will but Thine be done;" and when God clearly intimated to him that it was more for the glory of God that she should die, he was bound to cease to pray that she might live. The duchess's holy and edifying death was the reward of her husband's renunciation of his own will, and the holiness of his subsequent life was the fruit of the heroic sacrifice he had made. Of course, if God's glory is to be postponed to human interest, Saint Francis Borgia was wrong, but even Mrs. Ward would scarcely admit this. It is, however, the natural conclusion from the way in which she presents the story.

I must not omit to notice the malice of one sentence. "In the space of three years he disposed somehow of all his eight children!" *Disposed somehow!* I do not imagine that Mrs. Ward believed in her heart the horrible suspicion that these words imply, but she must have known, or at least ought to have foreseen, the interpretation that would be put upon them by an almost countless number of her Protestant readers.

Of course, the poor Jesuits fare very ill at Mrs. Ward's hands. *Cela va sans dire*. It is to their training that is due the strange, unwholesome, morbid tendency of Helbeck. "They turned him into a fond sort of fellow." The young scholastic Williams is simply repulsive alike in his sickly piety while still a Jesuit, and in his subsequent vulgarity when he has thrown off the yoke. Father Leadham is, I confess, not quite as detestable as the rest. All through the book he shows gleams of common sense and of human kindness. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and encourages Laura's marriage with

Helbeck. But Mrs. Ward is very careful to let us know that what's good in him is no wise due to his Jesuit training.

"Poor child!" said the priest with heartiness. The paternal note in the words was more than official. He was a widower, and had lost his wife and infant daughter two years before his entrance into the Church of Rome. (p. 110).

To sum up: Mrs. Ward's book is from beginning to end a libel on all things Catholic, and perhaps more than all on the Sisters of Charity, whose grey dress and white coifs even English Protestants have learned to respect and admire, but who are painted by Mrs. Ward as "black women" narrow and ignorant, bringing up their children badly, and filling their little heads with detestable stories. We wonder that any English matron can have had the heart thus to discredit, in the interest of her own unhappy scepticism, the self-sacrificing charity of these devoted ministers to the poor and the sick and the fatherless all the world over.

Perhaps Mrs. Ward will attempt to justify her portraiture by telling us that she has painted from life. Even if it were so, this would be but a sorry justification. It would be but the old fallacy of "picking your samples." There is nothing easier than to produce a false impression of any society by choosing out some of its eccentric and abnormal members, and by turning to ridicule the peculiarities of the individual as if they were due to the society itself. But some of her characters (Williams, for instance) are simply impossible—mere monstrosities developed from her own inventive imagination; and even where she can assert some kind of correspondence between the portrait and the reality, she is none the less misleading in her suggestion of the sources to which

their several foibles and oddities are due.

In this she is guilty of another fallacy, familiar in our logical textbooks under the name of a *non causa pro causa*, which assigns to a certain cause results which could not possibly proceed from it. We fear we must add that to this she joins another still less creditable, which assumes as true that which is not really the case, and proceeds to argue from this as a premise to the conclusion at which it is desired to arrive. In fact, I think I could, if space allowed, run through the whole gamut of the fallacies, and illustrate each and all from the pages of "Alan Helbeck."

The motive of Mrs. Ward's book is obvious enough. But what are we to say of the effect that it produces upon the thoughtful reader? The surface impression is, I allow, one unfavorable to the Catholic Church, but it seems to me that its final trend is quite the opposite.

I can best explain my meaning by taking my cue from its authoress, who is fond of putting into the mouth of her characters supernatural revelations, which they say have been "borne in upon them while in prayer!" So perhaps she will forgive me if I conclude my notice of her book by describing a sort of revelation which has been "borne in upon me" from the pages of "Helbeck of Bannisdale." It was "no dream, but a waking vision;" it claims no supernatural character, and is nothing else than the common-sense conclusion of an ordinary Englishman. The voice I had been listening to during the perusal of the book seemed to say to me: "In this book I have employed my literary skill, and the gifts that God has given me, to depreciate in every way that I can the Catholic Church. I have picked out isolated stories which I

thought would discredit it. I have represented those who were most thoroughly imbued with its spirit as narrow bigots spoiled by their religion. I have made scorn of its services. I have poured ridicule and abuse on its priests and nuns, its Jesuits and Sisters of Charity. I have represented my heroine—a charming girl full of healthy instincts and quick intelligence—as thoroughly disgusted with Catholic life and Catholic spirit, as fighting a fierce battle against all the Catholic influences around her, and I have sought to justify her hostility by the persons and scenes which she encounters. But, in spite of all my efforts, I find that I have unconsciously drawn a picture the very opposite of that which I intended. I have been unable to conceal the fact that in my hero there is a dignity due to his religion and nothing else. His faults are clearly his own; his virtues are, in spite of all I have said, due to his religious training. The foolish things he does are at variance with Catholic instincts, and his morbid asceticism would find no favor with the well-advised Catholic theologian. And my heroine, too, who was to be a most attractive model of the wholesome revolt of the modern spirit against Catholicism, has somehow, in spite of myself, gone over to the enemy. Her penetrating instinct has pierced through the unattractive dress with which I have sought to clothe all things Catholic, and has discerned the beauty of the underlying reality, its winning sweetness, the peace it imparts in life, and the comfort with which it surrounds the bed of death. I somehow intended that she should fight the battle of rebellion and gain a signal victory, but I unwittingly found her on the point of a complete submission. My only alternative, in order to avoid an open confession of defeat, was to get her out of the way as best I could.

In violation of every rule of art, of all propriety, of all common sense, of all good feeling, I had to make her end her life by a hateful and cowardly crime.

"The fact is, I can pull down, but cannot build up. I have no ideal to propose outside the Catholic Church; nothing better than the shallow liberalism of Dr. Friedland and the godless scepticism of Laura Fountain's father. Though my object has been to vilify the Catholic Church, I have had to confess that she alone can satisfy the legitimate cravings of human nature, that she alone can set before us a perfect ideal of life, that she alone can fill the heart of man with lasting peace and confidence and joy, that she alone

can make the scene of death a scene of gladness, because she alone can point with the full assurance of Divine Faith to the certain hope of a happy immortality."

And so amid the discordant clang of misrepresentation and prejudice, of many a wild stone wantonly thrown against the Church of God, there comes to us as the final message from the author of "Helbeck of Bannisdale" a secret whisper, only half confessed: "How beautiful are thy tents, O Jacob! thy tabernacles, O Israel!" This seems to me to be written clear between the lines—so clear that the careful reader can scarcely fail to find it there.

R. F. Clarke, S.J.

The Nineteenth Century.

THE PASSING OF THE POET.

On Western skies he gazed, and, lo!
Beyond the glory and the glow,
A vision rose, and fairer grew—
(O eyes so dust-dimmed hitherto!)

Through opened gates stole strains of song
From the triumphant poet-throng;
Earth's broken music charms no more—
(O ears so heedless heretofore!)

What heavenly lips have kiss'd his,
And left thereon a smile like this?
What crown doth rest his brow above?—
(O heart that had not learned to love!)

What hand hath led him far away,
By pathways where we may not stray,
To mansions builded of our God?—
(O feet that could not find the road!)

Ah, weary heart, no more distress'd!
Ah, anxious mind, for aye at rest!
Shall we thus to thy gladness come?—
(Lost child, who did not know thy home!)

Chambers's Journal.

Elizabeth Gibson.

CONSTANCE.¹BY TH. BENTZON (*Mme. Blanc*).

Translated for The Living Age by Mrs. E. W. Lattimer.

CHAPTER IV.

While her uncle resumed the instruction interrupted by the events of that memorable morning, Constance went for a walk in the Garenne with Henriette and Mme. Duranton, who had promised Louisou to take him for a walk as a consolation for his unmerited whipping, the marks of which he claimed that he still bore.

A garenne is, literally, a rabbit-warren, but at Nérac it is the name of a beautiful public walk bordered by large trees. It is the only alley left of the beautiful royal park laid out by Antoine de Bourbon, and is justly the pride of the town of Nérac. Tradition says its trees were planted in the time of Henri IV. Be that as it may, its oaks and elms are all of great antiquity.

The avenue extends from the old garden of the chateau, the scene of many court gallantries in the days of the kings of Navarre, of famous conferences, not unmingled with fêtes and intrigues, in which beauties in the train of Catherine de Medici made themselves remembered by scandalous adventures. From this chateau, of which there remains standing only a wing, with its beautiful out-door gallery adorned by twisted columns, the avenue runs wide and straight along the banks of the Baise to the ruined fortress of Nazareth, which owes its name to the crusaders, and from one end to the other of this grand walk, bordered by fountains of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there are let fall, like beads from a profane rosary, souvenirs of past pleasures.

The river Baise, whose waters are now defiled by flour mills, was the bathing place in those days of the nymphs of Catherine's court; a pretty hexagonal pavilion, standing on the very edge of the stream, served for many a rendezvous, as had done before it the little edifice that the Gascons now honor with the pompous name of palace, where Henry I. visited his mistress, Marianne Alespée; *la houn da las Poupetos*, a name better to be spoken in *patois* than in French, gives the reason for a decoration placed there by the king in memory of this Marianne.

The basin of the fountain of Saint-Jean was, tradition tells us in despite of history, the scene of the suicide of poor Fleurette, the king's girl gardener, who died for love; and near by are the magnificent elms planted, after some conjugal dispute, by Henry IV. and the queen Margot, in token of their reconciliation. The trees have lasted two centuries longer than the brief truce between the married pair. Thus it may be seen that subjects for meditation abound in the Garenne which are not precisely of a nature to be recommended to young girls.

Perhaps Henriette was unconsciously under these influences when she turned the conversation upon love and marriage. Her mother was no longer at her side to stop her or to reprove her, for Mme. Duranton, not being a good walker, had sat down under pretext of watching Louisou, who was playing with some boys of his own age, and the two cousins walked on, arm in arm, through the long, deserted avenue. It is rarely frequented, except on Sundays, by the *bourgeoisie* of Nérac and

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by a few fishermen with rod and line, unless on certain days when numerous lovers of the game of hockey (*mail*) assemble for that sport. At other times it reposes in solitary grandeur.

Just then the Gareune was not in all its splendor. The tender green of spring was not yet on the trees, only some little pink buds giving promise of leaves; high up the oaks still bared their stately brows, but under them green grass and weeds were growing; birds were warbling in their nests built in the bushes; a sweet, fresh smell of sap and flowering herbs filled the still, warm air, and the waters of the Baise sparkled in the pleasant sunshine.

"I hope you noticed, Stannie, how well I managed to get this walk," said Henriette; "but do you know why I wanted to take it? Well, then, I'll tell you. I thought there were ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that a stranger who has nothing else to do at Nérac might come to spend some of his time here. M. de Glynne—does not that sound well—M. de Glynne? He ought to have some title, too. They always have in novels."

Constance raised her black eyebrows with an expression of indifference.

"Oh, Stannie," cried Henriette, pressing the hand she held under her arm, "how I should like to see him! We shall meet him, I feel sure we shall. Where else could he be this beautiful afternoon? Nobody stops all day at a hotel when they can go anywhere else. Let us make a bet that he will suddenly appear. What shall we bet?" she went on gayly. "Oh, I know, that little lace cap that you made me try on the other day, won't you?"

"But I was thinking of offering it to you," said Constance.

"How nice of you! At home, it is always the same old song when anything is said about dress—'No money.' And I should so love pretty things—a

few little extra things, a little bit of superfluous luxury."

"I don't care for it at all."

"I know you don't. You are like nobody but yourself. What a pity your mother hindered you from being a Protestant! You could have married a pastor and set an edifying example to his parish."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the laughing Stannie.

She paused a minute and grew grave again.

"It is certain that a woman, when she belongs to a religion where priests may marry, could have no happier lot."

"Oh, indeed I don't think so. I would as soon be an old maid as be happy after mamma's fashion, though papa is goodness itself. But think of all the things she has to do—good heavens!—there's no end to them. It is enough to crush the life out of her."

"To share the same faith, the same hopes, seems to me the one thing most needful in a marriage," said Constance thoughtfully.

"What matter for all that, if one loves?"

"How can people love, when they have not a thought or a conviction in common?"

"Perhaps they would agree in everything except about things that concern the other world, which are not every day on the *tapis*," said Henriette irreverently. "If my husband made my present life agreeable, I would readily grant him a little difference of opinion so long as it only concerned the life to come."

"You speak like a child, my poor Henriette."

"Like a child!" cried the other, piqued by the phrase. "I am older than you, remember. Anyhow I can bring an example to prove that I am right, for what people ever lived who

were more to each other than your father and mother? Yet your mother was so pious, and your father does not believe in anything."

"Oh! my mother, loved as she was, —wept sometimes."

They walked a few yards in silence, Henriette making an effort to restrain herself from repeating what Mme. Duranton had been accustomed to say about her sister-in-law, that she was melancholy because she disliked living in the country away from the brilliant friends she had left in Paris.

"And," continued Constance, "she left for me when she died—for me—for me alone—a treasure that she valued above everything, my godmother's letters. From the way Mme. de Latour-Ambert wrote I can see that mamma must have given her her confidence, so I know that she was not completely happy. She wanted a daughter to make her enjoy life, as she had enjoyed it when she had days of perfect communion of heart and thought with that dear friend to whom she could tell everything, and be sure she understood. Oh, what happiness it must be to have an intimacy of that kind!" added Constance, while poor Henriette looked at her reproachfully, as if to say, "Am I not your best friend?"

"I love you, dear Henriette, and only you I know, but you see we are as different as fire and water."

"Yes, I am always afraid of shocking you," said Henriette smilingly. "Anyhow let us hope that Heaven will send us both husbands to suit our different tastes."

"I have not thought of that yet. I am perfectly happy with my father, and I think he finds me useful. Catinou is getting old. And then it is not merely housekeeping he needs me for—no—I help him in other ways. He has made me his secretary. He probably fancies that I understand nothing in all the notes and the reports he

gives me to copy—papa, you know, has no great opinion of the intelligence of women, especially in scientific matters, and, indeed, part of what has to be copied is unintelligible to me, but I can grasp the sense of it. Sometimes one word will give me the key to the whole. I think sometimes, 'I know now what made mamma unhappy,' and the same thing does really separate us, in all that is highest in life, though we love each other so dearly. And at such times I cry too—a little—but he does not know it. He ought not. You see I cannot tell him everything. I could say everything to my mother. It was so good." And she gave a sigh of regret. "If he would only let me go away from home, just once, to Paris!"

"Do you want to go to Paris? So do I," cried Henriette. "To go up to Paris is what I should like above everything—because of the theatres in the first place. When one has never seen a play—"

"What I mean," interrupted Constance Vidal, "is to see my godmother."

"What wonderful curiosity! A godmother you do not know—"

"It seems to me as if I should recover something of mamma. I would ask her so many questions—questions which only she can answer. But it would be too much happiness. My father would never consent."

"Your father never refuses anything you ask, and if your godmother sent you an invitation—"

"She has asked me a great many times, but papa always finds some pretext to prevent my going. He has some rooted prejudice against her; he thinks she did harm to my mother by her religious enthusiasm, and he fears lest she should have the same influence over me. When letters come from Paris directed to me he is always in a bad humor afterward. 'I wish

she would keep her scrawls to herself,' he says. It is not like him to treat like that a poor woman who has no children, and wants to bestow on me the affection she would have felt for her own."

"A poor woman?" repeated Henriette in a questioning tone. "She is very rich, is she not?"

"Her husband occupied high positions at one time under government, but the fall of the empire put an end to M. de Latour-Ambert's political importance. It seems to have been a terrible disappointment to him; he has never gotten over it. He is now an old gentleman, who has had an attack of paralysis, and is very infirm. His wife's life must be a very dreary one. My father says it is a just punishment for her ambition. He is more severe upon her than I have ever known him to be upon any one else."

"My people don't like her, either," said Henriette in a low voice.

"Oh, I know the reason for that," replied Constance rather dryly.

A silence followed in which no sound was heard but the turning of a mill-wheel that, half hidden behind some poplars, churned the water of the river into snowy foam. The girls had reached the end of the avenue, which is a mile and a half long, and now they stood before the marvellous structure of which a donjon, perched upon the rocks, forms the principal feature. This crumbling old tower, mantled with ivy, raises its dark and proud profile above smiling meadow lands, where the grass is kept always verdant by its nearness to the river and by a spring; this, with the exception of a ruined wall which now encloses a few picturesque cottages forming a tiny village nestling in verdure, is all that now remains of the castle of Nazareth.

These ruins had that day an attentive admirer, much occupied, it seemed,

in tracing out the general plan and fortifications of a fortress built in the days of Saint Louis. Henriette, as soon as she perceived him, gave a smothered cry.

"I've won my bet," she exclaimed. "There he is!"

"We had better turn back," said Constance quietly. "We have come too far already. My aunt will be impatient. Come."

She led her cousin back, but five minutes later they heard some one coming up behind them and M. de Glynne passed them with a bow.

"What did you think of him?" asked Henriette, who had become as red as a poppy.

"I did not look at him."

"Bah! how perverse you are. He looked at you, though. He seemed half inclined to speak, but he went on."

"Probably because he recognized you."

"Oh!" said Henriette, with an air of doubt. "But at any rate you must own that I was a true prophet! I am sure he is dying to turn round. But that would be impossible for so well-bred a man—no, he will not turn round. There!—he is nearly out of sight. Do you know, Stannie, what I am thinking? I am picturing what a pleasure it would be to wander under these trees, in summer, by the light of the moon which would gleam through them mysteriously and give Nazareth such an unreal air that one would not be surprised if forth from that donjon came ancient knights in all their armor."

"Oh! oh! how poetical! But you would be horribly frightened—so should I."

"Oh, no, I should not be frightened, because I should be leaning on the arm of a gentleman from Paris, who had miraculously come to Nérac, and who had found life there so wearisome that

he had fallen in love for want of some better amusement."

"Would you be satisfied with that?"

"Well, of course things would grow more serious as the affair went on, but for the present my wishes would be bounded by such a tête-à-tête, with an accompaniment of nightingales' songs. I should have the excitement of feeling that I was running a certain risk, and yet the fault would not be very great, for the end of it all would be a marriage. Could you imagine anything more delicious? My heart beats when I think of it. Alas! it probably will never happen."

"Never—you can feel sure of that at once," said Constance carelessly.

"Do you think we can catch up with M. de Glynne?" asked Henriette, half laughing.

"That is still less probable, considering that he is walking with such enormous strides. Why are you walking so fast? You would not wish, I hope, to seem to be running after him?"

But all this proved of no use. When they approached the fountain of Saint-Jean they saw M. de Glynne wrapped in contemplation before the little simple edifice formerly given to the Garenne by the Knights Hospitalers of a neighboring commandery.

"Decidedly," said Constance in a whisper, "your father has already inspired him with a liking for the monuments of Nérac."

They had to pass under the eyes of the stranger, and this time Mlle. Vidal could not fail to perceive that he was looking at her with the sort of attention a connoisseur bestows upon some exquisite work of art.

He looked after her for some distance. It seemed to Constance that his glance followed her, that she felt it on her hair and on the back of her neck.

"How impertinent!" she said to

Henriette, just as her cousin made a very different remark.

"Is it not remarkable that a Parisian should be so shy?"

"Shy?"

"Why, yes. Nothing could have been easier than for him to join us—to speak to us. He might have found some errand to send by me to my father, something about the Park," replied Henriette with frightful presence of mind. "In his place I should not have been embarrassed."

"Perhaps he is far-sighted like me, and may have seen your mother in the distance coming towards us and shaking her handkerchief."

Mme. Duranton had indeed grown tired of waiting for the two girls, and had started to meet them, making signals long before she could be seen.

Both the girls, at sight of the waving handkerchief, ran forward. Constance ran with singular grace, and M. de Glynne noticed it. He had been a great admirer of beauty all his life, and the feeling had not been destroyed by the contempt with which for the last ten years he had regarded women.

The next day M. de Glynne had occasion to call again at the pastor's house to settle some matters relative to his new acquisition. M. Duranton observed that as he talked he kept glancing at the door, as if he expected to see some one enter the room. Some one did indeed enter; it was Henriette, who could not resist a wish to display herself adorned with a cherry-colored ribbon which she had fastened in her brown hair.

"My daughter," said the pastor.

"I had the pleasure of meeting mademoiselle yesterday in the Garenne, in company with her charming sister," responded M. de Glynne, as he bowed.

"Her sister," repeated M. Duranton. "Oh, you mistake. I have five boys, but only one daughter. You are probably speaking of my niece Constance."

"Indeed! Then Nérac can boast of having its beautiful Constance; as Toulouse boasts of its peerless Paule," said M. de Glynne, with a knowledge of the local celebrities of southern France that could not help pleasing the pastor.

Henriette, quick to comprehend and to exaggerate, developed a new idea out of these words.

"So he is in love with Stannie already," she reflected, "in love at first sight, like a flash of lightning——"

And as Henriette was, after all, an amiable girl, incapable of jealousy and without a trace of conceit, she transferred to her cousin all the fine visions in which, with herself for heroine, she had been indulging all that morning. She passed with a bound, as it were, from beholding herself in the rôle of heroine to seeing herself in that of her cousin's confidante, which, after all, gave her little to regret, for she was sure to find it amusing.

But apparently neither that part nor the other was to be hers, nor were any of her imaginings realized, for M. de Glynne, after taking up his quarters at the Hotel Tertres, gave all his attention to hurrying on the workmen whom he had hired to make the Park habitable. While many partial improvements were in progress—improvements considered highly luxurious by the people in the neighborhood—he made one or two journeys to Paris, and he courteously acknowledged by a call now and then the kindly attentions of the pastor, who had not only introduced him to the riches of all the valuable local documents preserved in the public library of Nérac, but had put him on the right track to discover certain precious manuscripts likely to assist him in his historical researches.

"Thanks to you," said M. de Glynne, "I shall be constrained to devote myself to 'The Age of the Gascons.' I

shall inevitably end, when I am once established at the Park, in becoming a sort of local historian, a decipherer of ancient charters, a compiler of monographs. It will be a calm and wholesome occupation after all, and I am far from unwilling to accept it."

Three times he met Dr. Vidal at the home of his brother-in-law, and seemed to enjoy the talks with this white-haired man of learning, who, he declared, was younger than he, since he seemed to love life as much as ever. This assertion was called forth by a remark from Dr. Vidal, who complained that the days were too short for all the work he should like to do to be useful.

"But what is useful in this world?" objected M. de Glynne. "What is worth the trouble of thinking about it?"

The doctor started up, boiling with indignation.

"Ah, monsieur," he cried, "you are embittered, I perceive, by the evil skepticism of our times! Can you ask what is useful and what men have to do, so long as we have a country to be loved, the wretched to be helped, something to be learned, some discovery to be made, some truth to be sought for——"

"M. de Glynne might ask us Pilate's question, 'What is truth?'" interrupted the pastor, with rather a sad smile, as he looked both at his brother-in-law and his guest.

"You are fortunate in knowing what there is to be done," resumed M. de Glynne, "And I should like to go to your school, doctor, if there were yet time."

"It is never too late for those who have energy and perseverance," said M. Vidal in his turn.

"You are not quite up in the latest new doctrine, doctor; you do not believe in diseases of the will."

"Simply cowardice that. Those maladies only afflict the ones who give up to them, and who like to do it."

"And those who have suffered greatly," added M. de Glynne dryly.

"*Ma foi!* but we have all suffered," said the doctor, and on his forehead there came a deep line that always appeared when anything recalled the memory of his dead wife. "But there is no wound that cannot be cured if the patient be healthy and strong. It is selfishness, I tell you, that envenoms wounds that men are pleased to call incurable. As for me, I covet nothing except a little more time for my work. You look surprised—you fancy that a recluse who passes his time shut up in his own house could not possibly need to complain of too many interruptions, but when one has had, as I have, the imprudence to get burdened in the midst of other studies with a doctor's diploma—"

"And the further imprudence," hinted the pastor, "of letting poor people know that they can get cured for nothing—"

"Well, one does not belong to one's self after all," concluded Dr. Vidal. "I am called off all the time as if I had nothing to do but to cure people. I might, if I liked, cut off all practice from my brother doctors at Nérac. I made an immense blunder when I gave way to our southern prejudice which demands that whatever be a man's chief object in life, he must, if he be not an ass, graduate as a lawyer or a doctor of medicine."

"A blunder that you regret?" demanded the pastor. "Come, Philippe, on your conscience now?"

"Oh, if you take it that way, no, I do not regret it," said the doctor roughly, "but only because I am a poor *savant*. But for that, I might have fulfilled the chief duty of man otherwise than by arresting fevers and setting

broken paws. A man's duty is to leave, when he dies, some trace of his life-work. *Parbleu!* I would not have bothered myself about suffering humanity if I had had something better to do!"

"We are lucky in that case that you are a poor *savant*," said the pastor jokingly.

"Oh, I know well that you wish me no good, you miserable fanatic!" said the doctor in the same tone. They had bantered each other all their lives without a trace of bitterness.

"If there are any good men in the world," thought M. de Glynne as he left them, "they certainly are here."

The opinion which M. Vidal expressed, on his own account, in speaking to his daughter, was less favorable.

"Pessimism à la mode is coming into the country. Look out for contagion! Happily that sort of thing is not, three times out of four, anything but a pose."

"Perhaps he is really unhappy," said Constance, with an expression of trouble and sympathy that the idea of any misfortune to another always brought into her fine eyes.

"Oh, temporarily—I don't doubt that, as spoiled children are. If the loss of certain illusions was a just reason to conclude that life was not worth living, the world would be full of despairing beings."

"But how do you know that he only had illusions?" asked Constance timidly.

"And how can you expect, my daughter, that a man should be permanently unhappy when he is young, healthy, free, and endowed with intelligence and wealth beyond the average? Unhappy! I seem to hear your poor mother trying to persuade me that Mme. de Latour-Ambert was unhappy because she had not found in high life

all the advantages that she expected. *Que diable!* In real life we must both choose and accept limitations."

"But papa, suppose any one has all the advantages that you have named and has no one to love him?"

"Well, then, it is his own fault. Every one can be loved if he deserves to be. And you are dearly loved," added the doctor, drawing his daughter down upon his knee. "And so am I. If nobody else loved us, I should think, *ma foi!* that that was quite enough. This man must have had a mother or a sister—it only rests with himself to be married. Well, we are going to be neighbors, and before long I shall know all about him."

"Did you ask him to come and see you, papa?"

"*Parbleu!* yes, since he calls at your uncle's. The friends of our friends should be ours, and then we are near neighbors."

This neighborly call was not soon paid, however. M. de Glynne had taken up his residence at the Park more than a month, and it had not entered his head to call upon the doctor. Indeed, during his daily rides he had hardly once turned his horse's head toward the village, which nevertheless was not unworthy of his notice. It was a little walled town, now so reduced in population that it seemed almost uninhabited, but of which it might have been said that nature, before putting on the mourning garb suggested by its dark pines, had chosen to display it in a robe of many colors.

The crumbling walls, draped with a profusion of wallflowers, which have sown themselves, still serve as little terraces to tiny gardens set side by side, in which honeysuckle and roses form a tangle of color and of sweetness under the dark foliage of the fig trees, while the thorny cactus on the edge of some old terrace spreads out

its solitary blossom like a great blotch of red in the sunshine. Among these little hanging gardens the cemetery is particularly attractive; from those who see it in its fairy-like beauty of the spring, its loveliness removes all sadness at the thought of death.

The plastered houses with beams sticking out on their exterior, hide their squalidness under clematis or jasmine which climbs all over them, and in the midst stands the large church absurdly out of proportion to the size of the village.

M. de Glynne had looked at it all without dismounting from his horse and without calling either at the Priory or on the curé of the parish. The latter felt himself much aggrieved by this neglect of social customs and said to his housekeeper:—

"That is a heathen like Dr. Vidal, that man who succeeds those heretics, the Nougarrède's, at the Park. Truly the Park has no luck."

But the doctor only said to himself:

"Oh well, he is an odd man, who seems to have the tastes of a hermit."

But the person most indignant at M. de Glynne's neglect was the doctor's old cook and housekeeper, Catinou. She was the gossip of the neighborhood, and was proud to think that she could, as she declared, draw out people's secrets as with a corkscrew. For the first time in her life her penetration and her sharp tongue were at fault. The servants at the Park could tell her nothing. M. de Glynne had taken them all from the neighborhood except an English groom who had brought his horses from Paris, and he could speak no language but his own.

All that was known about the new purchaser of the Park was that he liked to wander over the *landes*, to linger under the cork trees with their flayed trunks and twisted branches, or

beneath the pines that suffered in another fashion from the hands of man, bled by his knife until they wept drops of resin. He sometimes went by himself to examine the old donjon towers, built very near together in the days of the Black Prince, the Tower d'Avance, for example, or the Mill of Barbaste, but he carefully avoided all of the few chateaux that are still occupied. Occasionally, with his gun under his arm, he would visit a certain melancholy lake at the top of a hill surrounded by heath and moor, where he amused himself by firing at the water-fowl.

This was all that was known of him by Constance. The idea that the Park was owned by some one who shunned all society sometimes worried her a little, in spite of herself. Why should he insist on solitude? What sorrow could he have, what mystery? This would have been enough to set to work the imagination of a girl of eighteen, even had it not been stimulated by the comments and conjectures of a cousin like Henriette.

"M. de Glynne has never come to see us again," she said, "and so far he has not even asked papa to come to see him. It is most extraordinary."

The invisible man from Paris had become the chief object of public attention, in a very little social circle, when on an evening in the middle of June, Escaloup, a servant at the Park, came running breathlessly to the doctor, imploring him to come at once, without a minute's delay, to see a lady who was dying.

"A lady!" cried Constance, who was sitting in the open air beside her father, in the vine-clad porch of the Priory.

"Yes, a lady who arrived this very day."

"And she is ill? You had better go and call Dr. Lafourcade. You know very well, and M. de Glynne knows, too, that I am not a doctor for rich people."

"M. de Glynne did not send me himself. My wife told me to run and fetch a doctor," said Escaloup with some confusion. "So as this was the nearest, I came here."

"The case is then so serious? What is the matter with the lady?" asked the doctor.

At this question the messenger seemed to make up his mind, not without some pain, to say what he had probably been advised not to spread abroad, that the "poor thing" had something—very bad indeed—in fact—a wound from a knife right in her breast.

Constance gave a cry of horror.

"I'll go at once," said the doctor. "Béréto!" (that was the usual name for his factotum, who was seldom seen without his blue *béret*, which some people said was nailed to his head,) "Come, Béréto, harness up quickly! And if I have to be away till late, my little one, don't sit up for me. A stab in the breast," he repeated, "and it was not *he* who sent for the doctor. *Que diable!* Is it a murder or a suicide? A bad business in any case. The lady is young?" he asked on the way of Escaloup, whom he had taken into the gig.

She was a young lady, a beautiful young lady, with hair that looked as if it had been dipped in gold, such hair as one only saw in Paris, without doubt.

"*Diable!*" repeated the doctor, hurrying the pace of the old mare.

(To be continued.)

THE LIKENESS OF CHRIST REX REGUM.

The Dean of Canterbury has been examining my "Rex Regum" in the light of the opinions of the fathers from the third to the ninth century; and I am not at all surprised that he should have discovered differences between the conclusions of an artist of the present day and the views of theological disputants of the Middle Ages. What does surprise me a little is that the dean should not have perceived that while I limit myself to the simpler questions of the authenticity of the commonly received likeness of Christ, they address themselves rather to the more complex question whether it should be used in religious ceremonial. It is, of course, quite true, as my courteous opponent says, that many of the fathers, particularly those of the third and fourth centuries, did protest—some of them vehemently—against bringing the likeness into the churches. But it is equally true that these protests, while still "hot i' the mouth," were ignored, or overruled, or rejected, by the universal practice of Christendom. From the beginning of the fourth century, when Constantine emancipated the Christians from Pagan tyranny, to the days of St. John of Damascus, when Dr. Farrar admits that the fullest sanction of the church was given to pictorial representations of our Blessed Lord, there was not a basilica erected without the face of Christ being emblazoned on its walls, in the sight of all men, priests and people, as the most precious of their possessions, the most splendid of the visible evidences and declarations of their faith. The fathers may have steadily argued against it, but the builders of the churches as steadily persisted. What does it avail now to say that Eusebius, or Epiphanius, or

Augustine, or anybody else during this period, objected to the likeness, and proposed its destruction from the churches, when we know that it was not destroyed, but, on the contrary, was cherished, and copied from church to church throughout the world until every Christian knew the face of the Redeemer? What were the fathers doing all this time with regard to the likeness? When Constantine crowned the triumphal arch of S. Paolo with it, had he no clerical advisers to restrain him? If it had been contrary to the honest convictions of the ecclesiastical authorities of his time, would it have found acceptance, or have been allowed to stand? Arius, for instance, was not afraid to oppose the emperor. Athanasius was the emperor's right hand when he sent Arius into banishment, and the first General Council settled the Nicene Creed. We read the Nicene Creed to-day, but there is nothing in it condemning the likeness or the use of it. How could there be, when the makers of the creed were also the makers of the mosaics which are the beautiful records of Rome Christian before it became Rome Papal?

The Dean of Canterbury's argument, therefore, so far as it is based upon the opinions of the fathers, falls to the ground; or, if it serves any purpose at all, it tells precisely in the opposite direction to that which he supposes. For myself, I take the objections of the fathers simply as proving that the thing to which they objected did really exist. For observe, the whole purpose of their argument is against the abuse of a thing already in familiar use. We hear their voices in the far-off past—pleading, cautioning, censuring. One is entreating a woman to turn her

thoughts from the representation which art can give, limited as it must be to the human form of the Master, to the higher presentment of Him, including His divine nature, which she will find in the written Word. That is Eusebius; but he never for a moment challenges the fact that the likeness is the likeness, so far as it goes, of the Man Christ Jesus. If he could have done so—if he could have told Constantia that the so-called portrait she asked for was fictitious—that it was invented, for instance, by one Hermogenes, a painter whom Tertullian had denounced—if he could have said anything like this, and proved it, the matter would have ended there; no basilica would have been erected to enshrine a likeness believed to have been the invention of Hermogenes.

Then we hear another voice. It is that of St. Augustine. The possession of the likeness of Christ has led to the desire for the likeness of the Blessed Virgin also. Augustine sees the peril—for no likeness of the Virgin has been preserved. His soul recoils from the dishonesty of inventing one, for he says: "We know not the countenance of the Virgin Mary; even the countenance of our Lord Himself in the flesh is variously fancied by the diversity of countless imaginations, and yet it was one; but the countenance of Mary is altogether beyond our knowledge or our faith." Thus Augustine bases his objection to a representation of the Virgin Mary on the fact that it could only be imaginary, contrasting it in that respect with the likeness of Christ—an objection impossible to one who believed the likeness of Christ to be imaginary also.

This brings me to very close quarters with the dean. He says that I confuse the issue when I speak of pictures of Christ as a sham, or a deception, or a misleading delusion, unless they are directly derived from trust-

worthy descriptions or paintings. Is it necessary to remind the dean that the question whether an imaginary picture is a sham or not depends upon the use that is made of it? No one pretends that the modern painter, who places before the public his new ideal of how the face of Christ should be painted, is guilty of deception. I am not afraid that the readers of "Rex Regum" will be so stupid as to suppose that any of the later pictures I place before them, from Giotto and Fra Angelico to Léon Bonnat and Fritz von Uhde, were actually painted from life. There is no deception in modern art. But the case is very different when a church, establishing a new worship—the worship of its Founder, in which the belief in His humanity is an essential element—sets forth before all men of all sorts and conditions a visible and attractive presentment of that Founder, and steadily adheres to it for more than a thousand years. It is to this constant setting forth and repetition of a fixed type that I apply the word "misleading," if the type is all the while false. When the basilicas were consecrated, who explained to the people that the great mosaic above the altar was only an imaginary invention? If that had been suspected, the people would have torn it from its place. When the likeness was transmitted from land to land, so that the same Christ might be known everywhere, who informed the new converts that it was only an imaginary Christ? When, at the Reformation, Albert Dürer and Lucas Cranach, sturdy Reformers as they were, continued to paint the likeness, which of them was persuaded that it was an invention of the Dark Ages? If the likeness of Christ, brought from the Catacombs in the beginning of the fourth century—wrought in mosaic on the walls of the basilicas—accepted by the Reformers—is not a true likeness, one of two things is certain. Either

the Church of Christ has been deceived, or it has been a deceiver. Before I can believe this I must be convinced that two special miracles have been wrought: the first to conceal the true likeness, in order that it might not be degraded to superstitious uses; the second for the purpose of misleading the universal church into accepting the false. In reply to the first hypothesis, it is sufficient to point out that if a miracle has been wrought for such a purpose it has been ineffectual. The second hypothesis is even more untenable. It violates our faith in the Divine Being as the author of verity. This is a question that cannot be properly dealt with through the ordinary weapons of humor or satire. It is impossible, however, to be unmoved by a grim sense of incongruity in the dean's supposition that it could be in accordance with the will of Christ that throughout the Christian dispensation a false image should have been held steadily before the eyes of His people, misleading them in all their thoughts of Him, showing them always another, not Himself, doing the things He did—blessing the children, comforting the women, teaching the men, suffering for us all. There was, indeed, amongst the old gods, one who had two faces. He represented the rising and setting sun. He held the keys of heaven and hell. Through him alone it was believed that our prayers could reach Olympus. But the temple of Janus was shut by Augustus in the very year when Christ was born. I know not whether it is right or safe to regard one attribute of the Divine Being as of more account than another. If the sense of His love comes very closely home to our hearts, the confidence in His sincerity comes equally home to our intelligence. Christ has shown to us not only His hands and His feet, but His face. Where then, and when, was the knowledge of the face of

Christ lost—if it is lost? Not in the grave, for He saw no corruption. Not in the Resurrection, for He was recognized by more than five hundred brethren. Not in the Ascension, for we have the promise of His coming again in like form. The disciples believed not for joy. Why do we disbelieve?

Now in my "*Rex Regum*" I claim that the Church of Christ has neither been a deceiver, nor has it been deceived; but that the likeness it holds in its keeping is the likeness of Christ. I am impatient to get to the proofs of this, which seem to me irrefragable; but I must not review my own book, nor repeat it in these pages. The courtesy of the editor is extended to me for the purpose of replying to the very reverend dean, and I must limit what I say to meeting the objections he has raised. I think, however, that I may now fairly pass from the fathers to the contemporaries of the apostles, and examine the records they have left upon the subject. Here there arise some very beautiful points which interest me much more than do the opinions of the good bishops of the Middle Ages. What did the apostles think about these pictures of Christ? Surely they knew that the practice of portraiture was common amongst the people with whom they lived. Surely they were aware of the custom of the artists of those days to make sketches of every one, distinguished or notorious, whose face might be of interest, in the hope of selling these sketches to collectors, or of being commissioned to paint them over their graves. Where are St. Paul's and St. John's words of caution to the early converts of Rome against this practice in the case of Christ? Where is there a word in the Gospels or Epistles to guard the flock against such a pitfall—such an abyss of idolatry? There is much on the other side. St. Paul contrasts the

freedom with which they could look on the face of Christ with the velling of the face of Moses. St. John dwells on the beauty of the face of the Redeemer, which he declares was full of grace and truth. He could not forget that he had leaned on the Master's breast. To him Christ was one whom he had seen with his eyes, and his hands had handled. The reference seems to be to the pathetic incident when one of them had doubted, and said he would not believe unless he could put his fingers into the print of the nails, and Christ had replied, "Handle me and see."

But no! the Dean of Canterbury shakes his head. He says that these men preserved no record of the face they had loved, because they believed that it was expedient He should go away. But why was it expedient? Surely not in order that they might forget Him, but because He would send to them the Comforter, who should "bring all things to their remembrance." The dean admits expressly "that portraiture was common in the days of the apostles;" "that likenesses were preserved of other men;" "that antecedent probabilities would have pointed to some attempt having been made to preserve His features;" "that we should not have expected that Christians would so completely lose every vestige of tradition as to the human form of Him whom they so passionately loved and adored as the Lord of Life and of all the worlds." The dean admits all this, but still thinks that the disciples soon forgot what Christ was like—that they could think of Him only as the invisible God or as a white lamb, and that the Paraclete brought to their remembrance everything concerning Him except the knowledge of His face. And this, the dean says, is easily explained.

The dean's explanation is as as-

tounding as his conclusion. It takes a threefold form. The first is, that "to the Jewish disciples any picture of Christ would have been a violation of the Second Commandment." Does the dean quite realize that these likenesses of the first century were made by Roman artists for Romans, and not by Jews, or for Jews, at all? If the antecedent prejudices of the Jew count for anything amongst the Jews, the antecedent prejudices of the Roman must count for as much amongst the Romans. It is a little hard to expect that the Roman converts should have precipitately adopted the traditions of the people they most hated, and have voluntarily bound themselves by a religion (the Jewish) they had never accepted, and which they supposed the new religion of Christ to have overthrown or supplanted. To the Romans it was the most natural thing in the world to make portraits of their heroes, or ideal representations of their gods. That they made portraits of St. Peter, and St. Paul and St. John is certain; and that with these portraits they grouped the figure of our Blessed Lord is equally certain. The dean does not question the genuineness of the illustrations I give in "*Rex Regum*." Now St. Paul wrote a special epistle to these men. Where do we find in it the friendly warning, the fearless rebuke, that would have been due from the apostle, who had lived amongst them and knew their customs, if the thing were in itself dangerous or evil? A century later, when we come to the fathers, one of their first acts was to denounce the painter and his art; but we find nothing of this in the writings of the apostles. The dean's argument proves too much. It is a denial that the likeness existed because, after it had existed for a hundred years, it was denounced and an unsuccessful attempt was made to suppress it.

The dean's second argument is, that "the first generation of Christians had no altars—they lived in the constant vivid sense of Christ's immediate though unseen presence." I accept the dean's statement, but not his inference. The first generation of Christians had no altars—they gloried in the taunt that they had no altars. They were, therefore, so much the more free to treasure the likeness of the Master without thought of evil. It was when the altars came that the danger came. The likeness of Christ, their friend, their teacher, their Lord, whom they had seen with their eyes—why should they not treasure it? It was not until the next generation that the difficulty was so much as perceived. To meet in a guest chamber and partake of bread and wine in remembrance of Him, with His likeness looking down upon them, was one thing. To offer incense to an image on an altar was a very different matter, and the fathers rightly protested. But their protest was not against the authenticity of the likeness, it was on account of its incompleteness. "Look," they said, "you cannot learn what Christ is by kneeling before an image. The image can at the best show only His human aspect—the form of His humiliation—when He took upon Him the shape of a servant. If you would know Christ and see Him as He is, you must turn from pictures painted by men to the presentment of Him in the written Word. Art is so poor a thing that a thousand men painting from the same original will give you a thousand variations of the face of Christ, of which you cannot say that any one is the absolute truth, even as representing His manhood. But in the Gospels you shall see more than His manhood—the pure in heart shall see God." But that is precisely what I say in "Rex Regum."

And now let us turn to the dean's

final argument. It is that "for the whole of the first century at least the followers of Christ lived in the constant expectation of His immediate return." How differently the same fact appeals to different minds! To me, the dean's statement, which I accept, is a very cogent argument in favor of the authenticity of the likeness. It is to me inconceivable that men who daily expected the coming of the Lord should have no idea, and seek for no information, as to what He would be like when He appeared. To those who had known Him and to those who had never seen Him alike the question was of vital moment. Suppose He should appear to-morrow—in the Coliseum—in the Coliseum Vespasian had just built as an arena where the Christians should be cast to the wild beasts. Suppose He should come in the sight of the eighty thousand spectators. Suppose that His beloved should be caught up to meet Him, or that He should shut the mouths of the lions, or that He should open the books for judgment. Peter would know Him, John would know Him—even Paul would recognize the face that shone on him on the road to Damascus. But the brethren? Can we believe that there was one amongst them who, having yielded to Paul's preaching, never asked Paul what the Master was like—to whom they owed allegiance—for whom they were ready to die—to whom they looked as their Redeemer pledged to come to them in their sore trial to take them to Himself? But what if He should come as a thief in the night, when they were alone—these poor hunted Christians, who had never seen Him themselves, but trusted Him nevertheless? What if He should come when they were hiding in the Catacombs, and there was no Paul, or Peter, or John present to say "This is the Lord"? In "Rex Regum" I show that we have to deal in this question

not only with the archæologia but with the humanities of the subject—something more, that is, than can be found under the glass cases of a museum. The human soul refuses to believe that the Christians of the first century were indifferent to the knowledge of the authenticity of the likeness of Christ.

For upon what else do we base our belief in the Resurrection? The dean's theory would smash St. Paul's argument altogether. How careful St. Paul is, and exact! "He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve." Ah! but Cephas was an enthusiast, and the twelve were not scientific observers; moreover, they had their reasons for propagating the new faith. Very well, then, says St. Paul, "He was seen of above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep." "But," says an inquirer, "tell us now, Paul, can you dare to say that you ever saw Him yourself?" And St. Paul answers with the humble and beautiful words which ring through the centuries—"Last of all He was seen of me also."

There is one more point on which Dean Farrar lays stress. He says "It is strange that a writer in the nineteenth century should so confidently argue in favor of the authenticity of the likeness, when it is so well known that there was a marked difference between the Greek and Latin fathers as to whether Christ was, in His human aspect, beautiful or unlovely." It does not seem to occur to the dean that even now such differences are very common. The reviewers, for instance, who comment upon "*Rex Regum*," though the same examples are before them all, contradict each other in the most bewildering fashion; one affirming that it is not strange that the fifty faces should be alike, since they are all Jewish—another informing his readers

that the one remarkable characteristic of the illustrations is that there is not a Jewish face amongst them. The dean forgets that in the Calixtine portrait, which I regard as the divinest representation of Christ's face in the world, he can himself see nothing to inspire an artist, nor even to indicate that it is the face of Christ at all. What weight, then, is to be attached to a difference of opinion amongst the fathers on a question of art? To the Greek, trained in the traditions of classic art, the face of a Jew was necessarily incongruous with his conceptions of the Deity. Thus Celsus satirizes the Christians on the ugliness of their God. And Origen replies on behalf of the Christians. He admits the ugliness; but he thinks that to those who can discern spiritual beauty Christ will appear beautiful. There could scarcely be stronger evidence than this to show that these men were discussing the same likeness, and that it was a likeness well known to their readers. Otherwise the taunt is pointless, and the reply irrelevant.

Again I write impatiently. All this is but a negative argument addressed to the specific objections raised by the Dean of Canterbury. In itself it does not prove the truth of the likeness; it only removes a *non possumus* which might frighten timid souls from going further. Let me now state in a few words the facts to which the Dean of Canterbury does not so much as refer, and against which the opinions of the fathers are of no avail.

1. We possess a likeness or representation of the face of Christ, which is universally recognized; so that if we see it painted on a wall, or grouped with other faces, we know for whom it is intended. There are many versions of it, which we may admire or criticize, feeling that one painter has been happier than another in his rendering of it; but the likeness which underlies

them all, and which the painter intended to realize, we quite understand. It is this commonly received likeness with which I am concerned in "Rex Regum."

2. Who invented this likeness? Clearly not the painters of the present day, for it existed in the works of the great painters of the Renaissance.

3. Nor was it invented by the painters of the Renaissance, for it existed in the mosaics of the basilicas for a thousand years before they adopted it.

4. This same likeness existed in the time of Constantine, when the churches divided East and West. The Greek Church followed a traditional likeness existing in Byzantium, known and recognized and held to be authentic; the Latin Church followed a traditional likeness existing in Rome, known and recognized and held to be authentic; and the two likenesses, Greek and Latin, are the same.

5. This likeness existed in and was brought from the Catacombs by the Christians when, in the year 306, Constantine gave them religious liberty.

6. This likeness had been painted over the graves of the martyrs in the Catacombs by men who lived in the expectation of the immediate coming of Christ, and who believed that they would recognize Him when He came.

7. This likeness existed in the Catacombs not as a solitary example, but

in almost every form of pictorial and plastic art.

8. This likeness existed before the use of Christian symbolism had become general, side by side with actual portraits of the apostles.

9. This likeness existed before the text of the fourth Gospel was known to the Christian community in Rome.

10. This likeness existed before John, and Peter, and Paul were differentiated from their contemporaries by a nimbus or aureole, which was at that time reserved for Christ alone.

These propositions, proved step by step, from facsimiles of paintings, mosaics, cloth pictures and engraved glass of the first century, form a chain of evidence that satisfies me of the authenticity of the likeness. Limit the use of it as you will, guard against the abuse of it if necessary, but the fact remains that the manhood of Christ was visible to men apart from His godhead. And of this fact the likeness is the record. There is no escape from this dilemma. If the likeness of Christ is fictitious, it is misleading; and the Church, in holding it before our eyes these nineteen centuries, has been inviting us to believe in and anticipate the second appearance of a personality which we shall not only never see, but which never had any existence. I believe that the likeness of Christ must stand or fall with Christianity.

Wyke Bayliss.

The Contemporary Review.

THE ANNIHILATION OF DISTANCE.¹

Telegraphy and telephony have become so much a part of our life to-day that it is difficult to imagine an organized society without these means of communication. Yet people who were

born in the first quarter of the century have known a time when there was no such thing as telegraphic communication, and telephony has come into existence since the war of 1870. It is easy therefore to revive the memory

¹ Translated for *The Living Age*.

of a time when the economic conditions of life, in respect of inter-communication between cities and countries, were essentially the same as in the remote past.

Progress in this direction was, for a long time, extremely slow. It began suddenly, and since then it has advanced with giant strides.

Railways, navigation by steam, terrestrial and submarine telegraphy, and finally the telephone, have shortened all distances, made the world much smaller, and rendered the human voice audible at a distance of six hundred miles. Will human speech one day cross the ocean as it now crosses the channel, and will two people on opposite sides of the Atlantic be able, not merely to hear, but to see one another? There is nothing unreasonable in the expectation that the problem of the transmission alike of sounds and of visual images, will be solved at an early day, and that both may be instantaneously reproduced over seas, as telegraphic signals now are. We have only one more stage to make before we reach this goal.

I.

A German officer, Major Bauchröder, published at Hanau in 1795, a "Treatise on Signals," in which he maintained that the object of building the Tower of Babel was to establish a centre of communication between different nations. The assertion was rash, but it is none the less true that the art of signalling is as old as the world.

We have abundant testimony to the fact that ancient Greece was dotted with lighthouse-towers and beacon-fires which conveyed intelligence in smoke by day, and in fire by night. Hannibal built watch-towers both in Africa and Spain, thus furnishing an example which was followed by the

Romans. One of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan represents the establishment of a signal-station. The Arabs and the Chinese also understood this method of communication, and optical telegraphy, which has been revived in our own day for the use of armies in the field, is said to have been practised in China for thousands of years.

In 1664, one Robert Hooke invented a signal code composed of boards of different shapes, which could be so combined as to form certain phrases. This is nothing more nor less than the semaphoric system now used upon the sea coast.

An enormous advance has indeed been made since that sitting of the convention wherein it was decided to test the invention of Claude Chappe, to whom the third Republic has just decreed a statue. There were five brothers Chappe who all devoted themselves to the development of the system of telegraphy which was first devised by Claude, and who, one after another, became directors of telegraphic lines. By a singular irony of fate, and the sort of injustice with which we have long been familiarized by the working of party-politics, the two youngest brothers, René and Abraham, lost their places during the Revolution of 1830, because they refused to transmit to the departments, the despatches of the provisional government.

During this first stage of telegraphy, the idea never occurred to any one, that telegraphic communication could be other than a governmental instrument. Its extended application was first suggested in 1830, by a staff-officer, who put forth, in a pamphlet published at Montpellier the idea that if the telegraph were placed at the disposal of individuals it might be useful in promoting business transactions. This notion was deemed so strange

that it was not even considered and acted upon in the National Assembly until nineteen years later. At the time its author received a public reprimand from the Minister of the Interior, and nothing was conceded beyond the daily transmission to the principal cities of the current rates of three and five per cents., and of shares in the Bank of France.

In 1844 the efforts of Ørstedt, Arago, Wheatstone and Davy were crowned by the discovery of electric telegraphy, and under the influence of Arago, a committee including Pouillet and Becquerel was named by the Minister of the Interior to study its application. The organization of a complete system of telegraphic service, uniting Paris with all the chief provincial towns, dates from 1852.

All this is already ancient history, but worth recalling, because it marks the origin of one of the main branches of the state-service, and one which, in other countries no less than our own, has assumed an ever increasing importance. It is well, too, in studying the question of the rapid transmission of thought, whether written or spoken, to point out the fact that it was a Frenchman who took the first step in a work which has revolutionized the world. If Claude Chappe did not discover electric telegraphy, he was the prime promoter of telegraphy without an epithet. He was of the race of *precursors*—men who ought never to be forgotten, for they deserve well of science, and of their country. For forty years, the administration of telegraphy was in the hands of the brothers Chappe, and Claude the eldest foresaw all its future importance when he wrote that "it belongs to the glory of a great nation, to neglect no means for the perfecting of her boasted discovery." Since then, the labors of foreign inventors—such as Morse, Wheatstone and Hughes, have immensely assisted

the development of electric telegraphy; but again, it is to a Frenchman, M. Baudot that we owe the apparatus whereby the capacity of transmission of an electric wire has been carried to its maximum.

Since 1852, we have made great progress. In France alone, as against the thirteen hundred odd miles of wire which we had at that time, we had, in 1894, about fifty-nine thousand miles, and have now nearly two hundred thousand. They conveyed last year 42,718,337 internal messages, and 2,563,436 international telegrams—that is to say a total of more than forty-five millions of despatches for the year. The revenue produced by the tax upon telegrams has risen from 76,722 francs, to 31,513,255 francs. It should also be observed that the average price of a telegram at the time of the *coup d'état* was 51c. whereas it is now only 88c. These figures will afford some idea of the steady progress, during forty years, of communication by land telegraphy, and the subject suggests some curious reflections.

II.

Just as the idea of electric telegraphy was reached by a species of divination rather than by a train of strict scientific reasoning, and that, too, several years before it was practically applied, so the notion of transmitting sound between two acoustic tubes connected by a wire preceded by a considerable time the discovery of the telephone.

The machine called a string-telephone dates back to the close of the seventeenth century. It was invented by an Englishman—the same Robert Hooke whom we have already mentioned, but it was almost immediately abandoned. In 1667 Hooke wrote as follows: "It is possible for sound to be heard at a great distance—in fact it

has been so heard—and there is no intrinsic impossibility about its being made audible ten times as far. . . . I myself have succeeded in sending sound over a tense wire, instantaneously to a great distance, with a velocity which, if not greater than that of light, is incomparably greater than that of sound in the air. Nor is it essential that the line should be exactly straight. It may bend several times without interfering with the result."

Once more however, it was reserved for a Frenchman to rescue this idea from the oblivion into which it had fallen.

An engineer named Charles Bourseul published in 1854 in the "*Annales Telegraphiques*" a very brief description of a telephonic apparatus. But the time was not yet ripe for telephony, and this machine attracted no more attention than its predecessor had done. In 1861 certain experiments in the same direction were made by Reiss, but still without decisive results.

The Comte du Moncel observes that up to 1864 no one had ever seriously admitted the possibility of transmitting sounds to a great distance, and that when Bourseul's article appeared, all the world—himself included—regarded his idea as purely fanciful. In the course of that article Bourseul said: "After the wonders achieved by the telegraph in the way of transmitting handwriting and even drawings of more or less elaboration it might seem as if no further miracle were possible in that line. Yet let us try to go a few steps further. I have asked myself, for instance, why the very sound of the human voice might not be transmitted by electricity: in a word whether it might not be possible to speak in Vienna and be heard in Paris.

"The thing is really practicable, and in this way. Imagine that words are

spoken aloud, in close proximity to a mobile plate, made so flexible as to record the faintest vibrations of the voice, communication being by turns established and interrupted with a pile attached to another plate which will thus simultaneously receive the same vibrations.

"I have made a few experiments with this intent. They are delicate and require time and patience, but the results have been approximately favorable and seem to foreshadow complete success."

The original conception of the telephone is plainly due to Charles Bourseul.

We all know how rapidly—thanks to recent developments in electricity—the telephone has made its way all over the world. To such a degree was this invention *in the air*, as one may say, that two Americans, Graham Bell of Boston and Elisha Gray of Chicago filed an application for patent at the Patent office in Washington on the very same day—February 14th, 1876. Exactly a month earlier Edison had requested provisional protection for a similar machine. It is well to keep this date of mind, for it marks the beginning of a new era in the history of communication between remote points.

The development of telephonic communication would unquestionably have been less rapid if the curious instrument employed had not been improved by an attachment hardly less interesting, the invention of which is claimed both by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Edison, though apparently it belongs of right to the former. We speak of the *microphone*. As early as 1865, an accomplished engineer attached to the department of telegraphy in France, M. Clérac, had experimented on the variations in electric resistance produced by the introduction into the telegraphic circuit, of particles of plumbago; and in these experiments

lay the germ of the invention of the microphone.

This piece of mechanism, as its name implies, is intended to make audible at a long distance the faintest possible sounds; such as the tick of a watch, the rustle of a plume, the footsteps of a fly—or even, in the words of Mr. Hughes, his *death cry*. This heightened sensibility to faint noises is usually produced by introducing into the telephonic circuit, rods, pastilles or granules of graphite, variously disposed, but all having the property of greatly enhancing the intensity of sound. The arrangement commonly used in France is that of MM. Ader and Berthon.

Enlightened minds discerned, from the very first, the great part which the telephone was destined to play, both in social and political life. To the founders of the *Telephonic Association* in France, belongs the honor of having first organized telephony into a branch of the public service, notwithstanding the defects of the original instrument, the passive resistance that all innovation has to meet, the open hostility of some, and the more or less benevolent neutrality of a government which regarded with a rather jealous eye, the progress of the new industry. It is unnecessary however, at this late day, to recur to bygone controversies. Telephony is now as much a branch of the civil service in France as telegraphy or letter-post. Limited, in the beginning, to local use inside the great towns, it came to unite, first, neighboring cities, then the remotest points of our territory, and finally it crossed the frontier. If Bourseul's dream of verbal communication between Paris and Vienna is not quite yet realized, there is no doubt of its practicability. Paris and London, Paris and Brussels, New York and Chicago, Berlin and Rome have been for some years connected, and it would be superfluous to insist

on the political importance of such a system of communication. It has proved so successful that the original lines soon became inadequate and had to be replaced by new ones. It is now proposed to embrace all France in a single network, and the scheme is already far advanced toward completion.

III.

There is one circumstance which, more than almost any other, has favored the development of telephony. Certain savants discern the possibility of electric communication, both telegraphic and telephonic, between points not connected by any material wire. The future only can show whether this notion, entertained by men as eminent, for example, as M. Preece, is destined to have practical results, or to remain a mere scientific curiosity. Up to this time no entirely satisfactory medium of transmission has been discovered for those electric vibrations which constitute the vehicle whether of written character or of speech. Iron wire was selected, in the case of the telegraph, for lack of something better, but it is really a poor conductor of electricity, and easily impaired or destroyed, though inexpensive.

As conductors of electricity, both iron and steel hold a comparatively low place among the metals—very inferior to either silver or copper. Silver, of course, is out of the question. Even if the government were rich enough to install silver lines, not a yard of wire would be suffered to remain upon the poles, even in the most blameless country on earth. It is difficult enough to keep the depredators off copper, a less aristocratic metal but still tempting. The consequence is that, for a long time, either because the lines were not properly protected, or, more probably, because no method had been discov-

ered of strengthening a copper wire without impairing its conductive qualities, this precious metal, so indispensable in telephony, was entirely neglected.

The truth is that a finer medium is required for telephonic than for telegraphic communication. Not to mention the magnetic resistance offered by iron to the passage of telephonic vibrations, it has been ascertained that if a single iron wire, having a thickness of two millimeters—or almost a twelfth of an inch—can transmit a telegraphic signal a certain number of miles, it will require a veritable bar of steel to carry telephonic speech as far. This alone would be an insurmountable obstacle to the employment of iron in telephony. On the other hand, in either bronze or copper, as now prepared by electrical processes—chemically pure and without a trace of any foreign substance—we have a metal which is quite as good a conductor as silver, at a price which is not prohibitive; and, as a consequence, both local and long-distance telephony have taken on a development proportionate to the rapidly increasing need of communication.

Paris was connected with Brussels and London and, at once, there was such a press of business on both lines, that it became necessary to double, to treble, to multiply them by ten. It was found impossible, with a single wire, to eliminate those external agents which impede the transmission of the voice—such as the electricity of the atmosphere, and that which is generated by neighboring telegraphic lines. This so-called “inductive” action is manifested by those rustling noises to which the characteristic term *frying* has been applied, and which confuse and destroy the clearness of human utterance when they do not drown it altogether. The remedy is there, side by side with the evil. It consists in

doubling the wire by a turn backward, which neutralizes the effect of the induction. The cure is efficacious, but somewhat costly. Doubling a copper line involves no slight expense—as the following figures will show:

The line from Paris to Brussels is 330 kilometres—or about two hundred miles long. It is formed of two copper wires each three millimetres, or not far from one-tenth of an inch in diameter, and every kilometre of this line weighs sixty-three kilos—or, roughly speaking, one hundred and forty pounds. The entire line therefore weighs some forty-seven thousand pounds, and, at the present price of copper wire (something over thirty cents a pound), it is no small matter to double the amount used. The expense is proportionately heavier in a line like that from Paris to Marseilles, where the wire employed is one-quarter thicker, and where, owing to changes of level, and long detours there are twelve hundred and fifty miles of wire, forth and back. It is evident therefore, that if telephony is a profitable commercial enterprise for the state, it requires a considerable outlay, since the cost of the conductor alone, not to mention the supports to which it is attached, the transport of material, and other incidental expenses, amounts to about one hundred and sixty dollars a mile.

Nothing could be more light and airy in appearance than these fine wires which run alongside the railways, and serve as channels for the electric current. They are barely visible at a short distance, and it would seem incredible, if we had not the figures, that they can be as heavy as has been said. The weight of the Paris-Marseilles line alone, corresponds to that of thirty freight cars fully packed. No wonder then that, with the gigantic strides recently made in the application of electricity, huge factories for the manufac-

ture of copper plates and copper wire have sprung up on all sides. They are all extremely prosperous. The amount of their production is constantly increasing, and must continue to increase for many years to come.

The fact is all the more remarkable, because copper has this great advantage over iron, that it never, or almost never, wears out. Iron will rust, even when protected by galvanization. The slightest flaw in the zinc varnish permits the entrance of moisture, which, spreading rapidly, attacks the line surface of the metal, corrodes, consumes, and finally reduces it to powder. Copper, on the other hand, will last indefinitely, unless it is exposed to the fumes of sulphur. These fumes are often generated by the combustion of oil containing pyrites; but the case is an exceptional one, most likely to occur in ill-ventilated places like tunnels where the smoke does not immediately clear away. Copper wire is not only extraordinarily durable, but when it is recast and the resultant metal refined, there is hardly any waste; so that we must regard it, upon the whole, as a most precious auxiliary in the transmission of electricity. Moreover, if the use of the copper conductor has rendered long-distance telephony possible by land, it is equally true that submarine telegraphy could not exist without it. Here, however, the question is further complicated by the immense spaces to be traversed, the special precautions required, and the vast financial interests which are at stake.

IV.

The causes of deterioration in electric lines are infinite. In men and insects alike they find implacable enemies, while the vegetable kingdom furnishes its quota in the shape of fungi

and other parasitic excrescences. Nor can meteorological agents be overlooked, such as heat, humidity, rain and excessive dryness, the oxygen of the air, the electricity present in the atmosphere and the possible thunder-bolt. Against all these foes to the maintenance of electric communication we have to contend as best we can, but it is man himself who leads the forces of destruction. This is especially the case in new countries where the human creature is still a semi-savage; yet it is not in recently settled regions only that he shows himself the ruthless enemy of the telegraph and obstinately refuses to regard it as a boon tending to refine social relations and facilitate business transactions. There is a vicious element of pure destructiveness in the depths of the human heart, and the only conscious foe of the telegraphic line attacks it at all points impartially. In France, and in fact all over Europe, the isolators attract the eye by their brilliant whiteness;—furnishing a mark both for flying stones and firearms;—and there are longlines, every post of which bears the marks of attacks of this nature. Prohibitive legislation having proved quite powerless against these acts of vandalism, recourse was had to expensive means of protection, such as isolators colored brown, or enclosed in cases, to render them less tempting than white ones. Psychologically, the fact is both interesting and instructive.

The telegraph being above all things an instrument of material and moral progress, it was to be expected that the natives of newly conquered countries, would often make it an object of hostile attack. The difficulty of defending a line gives its foes every advantage—it is so easy to fell a post or to cut a wire!—yet it is not to any special feeling of hostility that we have to attribute the greater number of unfriendly assaults. In the construction

of aerial lines, three kinds of material are employed, each one of which is adapted to the necessities of a primitive household. The isolators reversed, furnish coarse but highly-prized receptacles to the Arabs, who are great lovers of coffee, but very poor in cups.

The wires are an object of yet greater cupidity. The uses to which iron wire can be put are endless:—ornaments, implements, bands, fencing, etc., while copper wire often stimulates the coquetry of the native by the ease with which it is manufactured into rings, bracelets, and other objects of personal adornment. In India, where brass wire cut into short lengths, is one form of currency, there would be a constant risk of copper wire being stolen for this purpose, if it were not so soon discolored by the action of the air, and if its extreme tenuity did not render it all but invisible.

Wooden posts are also exceedingly tempting, both for building purposes and to make fires for warmth or the cooking of food; while tubular iron posts, like those used in Asia Minor, Egypt and Persia are a perfect god-send—water pipes ready made! In India, and especially in the Mekran, when tubular posts were set up, the natives seized the wrought-iron lightning-rods by which they were surmounted, fitted them with bamboo handles and used them for weapons. It became necessary to rivet them to the posts.

Telegraphic thefts are sometimes perpetrated with great simplicity, as in the case of the Annamite peasant, who replaced the wire which he had appropriated to his own uses by long bamboo rods carefully tied together, so that the line might continue to act!

Fanaticism also comes into play. There was a most determined opposition on the part of the native population to the construction of the first

aerial telegraph line in China. Every one knows how the Chinese venerate the graves of their ancestors; and since there are no cemeteries, but every family buries its dead close to the home, in the garden which surrounds the dwelling, there are graves everywhere. To allow a shadow, even that of a telegraphic wire, to fall upon the grave of an ancestor, is to violate it; and so deeply is this feeling rooted in the breast of a Chinaman that the authorities dared not oppose it, and the telegraphic companies had to carry their lines underground in thickly settled places.

Atmospheric agents, such as heat and humidity, wear out the wires very rapidly. Iron wire will rust, even when protected by galvanization. If the smallest atom of the sheath be detached by a slight shock, a centre of oxidization is set up which presently involves the entire line; while the smoke of manufacturing districts and the salt breezes of the seashore alike hasten the process of corrosion. The success of the copper line is due in a great measure, to the manner in which this metal resists the destructive influences of the atmosphere and of time.

Iron and copper wire are equally liable to be destroyed, in winter, by rain, which freezes as it falls, until it sometimes forms around the wire a sheathing of ice as thick as a man's arm. Cold alone, without any deposit of ice, will occasionally break a wire which has been installed in warm weather, and its tension calculated without sufficient allowance for contraction. This accident occurs frequently in cold countries, and is especially to be dreaded in the high northern latitudes of Europe, where the winter night is almost continuous and the business of repairing a telegraphic line is both difficult and dangerous. The northernmost lines of all are in Norway, in the region between

Tromsøe and the North Cape, where there is a telegraphic system twelve hundred and fifty miles long, covering a distance not more than half as great as the crow flies. The lines have to be carried round the deep indentations of the coast caused by the fiords; and they traverse a waste and stony region, quite destitute of highways, where the telegraphic line constitutes the best guide for the traveller to follow. At intervals, along these desert lines, huts have been built for the shelter of the unfortunate telegraphist, who may have suddenly to set out across the snow, in a thick storm or when the cold is intense, to repair a broken wire. These cabins, which also,—as we know from experience,—afford a most welcome asylum to the traveller, contain a camp bed, a few cooking utensils, and the materials for executing repairs; but it frequently happens, in furious snowstorms, that the huts themselves are destroyed.

Wooden posts are as liable to destruction as other wooden things, and, at best, they last only a limited time. Rain and even moisture penetrate wood, gradually dissolving the antiseptic substances which it originally contained, and so hastening its disintegration. A pole may become completely impregnated with water from top to bottom; and the ruin begun by moisture is completed by the process of drying, which causes the surface of the wood to crack longitudinally.

Contact with moist earth is also a fruitful cause of decay, owing to the chemical action of the mineral and vegetable matter, contained in the soil, upon the antiseptic properties of the wood. The bi-carbonate of lime which is present in limy soils, will react upon sulphate of copper, so as to eat away entirely the bases of the poles; and even the near neighborhood of a large mass of masonry is enough to hasten their decay. Soils rich in the pro-

ducts of organic decomposition also greatly accelerate the rotting of wood.

The presence of moist rot is indicated by the growth of mushrooms, of which the species vary with that of the wood. The mushroom of the pine and the fir (the kinds of wood most frequently used for telegraph poles)—bears the name of *merulus*;—*merulus destruens* or *merulus lachrymans*. It appears on the north side of the post, that is to say where the light is least and the moisture greatest, in the form of long, white filaments which fill up the cracks in the pole and develop rapidly in the surrounding soil, until they form a soft, compact mass, distilling a colorless liquid. This mushroom which may grow upon any kind of wood, and which, when mature, takes the form of a brown mass from ten to twelve inches round, usually remains upon a telegraph pole in the condition of *mycelium*, that is to say of threads or filaments which lodge in the cracks, gradually penetrate the heart of the wood, and spread far and deep into the surrounding soil. Born of dampness in the first instance, this mushroom has the property of increasing dampness. It sets up a species of contagion, which however is not dependent upon actual contact, the spores being carried to a great distance by the wind and the rain.

There are insects also which make great havoc with wood, exercising their destructive action sometimes as *larvæ*, and sometimes in their fully developed state—now, singly, and again in colonies. Among those most injurious to wood is a small coleopteron, the female of which pierces the bark and hollows out a gallery in the wood, where it lays its eggs, one after another. From the eggs are hatched *larvæ* which feed upon the substance of the wood, digging meanwhile a series of lateral galleries which branch off, on either side, from the main chan-

nel. Arrived at the surface, and transformed into perfect insects, they propagate, and the female, following the example of her mother, bores her way again into the heart of the wood. Dead wood, like telegraph posts, is more exposed to these attacks than living wood, because insects, in the latter, are often drowned, in spring, by the rising of the sap.

The *coscus* and the *zeuzera* are two butterflies of which the *larvæ* live upon the substance of wood, and the *termite* reckons among its most formidable enemies. The ravages of the latter are extremely difficult to arrest, for the reason that it feeds upon the heart of the wood leaving its surface intact, so that the mischief is not detected until it is past remedy. Washing and coating with lime are, moreover, absolutely inefficacious against the termite, which is very common in central and southern Africa, and is also found in the south and west of France.

A certain tiny crustacean about a sixth of an inch long, the *limnoria terebrans*, is more dangerous than the *teredo* itself, since the latter attacks only wood immersed in water, while the former works equally in moist embankments. The *eucalyptus rostrata* is the only species of wood not liable to the ravages of this little creature.

Over and above the deteriorations due to time, age and the action of insects and fungi, there are others wrought by various animals, and sometimes in very curious ways. At the Electrical Exhibition in Paris in 1881, were to be seen, in the Norwegian section, wooden poles, bored clean through, near the top. These tunnels were the work of the black and green woodpecker, which feeds upon certain insects living in the bark of rotting trees. It is apparently the vibrations of the wire which suggest

to the bird the presence of insects; he attacks the pole with his beak, and finally pierces it clean through with a bore from a quarter to a third of an inch in diameter. This occurs oftenest in Norway, where the woodpecker abounds in the forests that border the lines; and, in the same country, and probably for the same reason, the poles are often thrown down by bears. Always greedy for honey, they seem to take the "humming" of the wires for the buzzing of bees, and go rooting around the bases of the poles until they fell them.

But if the foes, animal and vegetable, of telegraphic lines are numerous in temperate countries, what shall we say of the infinite obstacles which a telegraphist has to encounter in the tropics? In Brazil the posts are rarely set, as in Europe, along the high roads,—first, because there are very few roads, and second, because of the long processions of heavy carts drawn by beasts of burden without drivers, whereby the poles would be liable, at any time, to be upset. The lines are oftenest carried through the virgin forest, across almost impenetrable thickets of undergrowth—over extensive swamps and broad, winding rivers.

Meteorological conditions are also a prime cause of deterioration. An atmosphere charged with moisture during a great part of the year favors alike the rotting of wood, the rusting of iron, and the waste of electricity. Then come the dry seasons, often lasting several months, during which the posts split, and fungi develop in the crack. The sudden fall of temperature at sunset is often sufficient to break the wires, and burst the isolators, and the frequent hurricanes of Brazil occasion many accidents.

Again, the rapid growth of vegetation in warm countries makes it hard to keep a telegraphic line in running

order. Posts and wires both are often smothered in creepers; but it is the animal kingdom, after all, which is most inimical to the telegraph. First, there are the burrowing animals, who dig about the bases of the poles and undermine them, such as the *galera barbara*, and *mephitis suffocans* in the dense woods; and on the open pampas, an animal resembling a hare, but larger, the *biracha*, or *logostomos trichodactylus*, who makes underground labyrinths, with branching galleries, extending to a distance of five or six yards each way; not to mention the various armadillos, especially the giant armadillo, or *dasybus gigans* which attains the size of a large hog. Finally there are apes and monkeys without number, who climb the poles, and tangle or break the wires by swinging from them.

The action of birds is very different. Many of these delight in building their nests on the tops of the poles, and when the mass of clay feathers and grass comes to envelop the wire and the isolator, it is quite enough to interrupt the current, especially in damp weather. One particular bird—the *funarius rufus*, excels in these troublesome constructions. His oven, or pot-shaped nest, from ten to twelve inches long, from seven to eight broad, and from five to six high, is most artistically built of potter's clay. The male and female working together can make a nest in three or four days, especially during the breeding season, in August and September; and no sooner is a line cleaned than it is covered anew with these nests. Then there are the enormous flights of birds, abroad at sunrise and sunset, which often break the lines by mere force of impact; while parrots appear to have a special spite against the wire ties.

If we add the menace offered to the working of electric wires by spiders' webs, honey-combs, and the huge edi-

fices reared by the formidable white ant, and then consider the difficulties which attend the transportation of material in tropical countries where roads are few, as also the debilitating and enervating effect of the tropical climate upon foreign operators, we may well say of the telegraphists of Europe,

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint."

V.

The submarine cable is a multiple instrument composed of two principal parts. The part essential to transmission—the true vehicle of thought in motion—has received the characteristic name of the *heart*, otherwise the conductor. The rest is but the body or armor destined for its protection.

The "heart" is formed of one or more copper wires of the utmost purity enveloped in an isolating sheath. This envelope must possess the double character of being a non-conductor of electricity and of being impervious to injurious substances like seawater. Almost the only substance which fulfills all these conditions in a remarkable degree is gutta-percha; and there has been acute anxiety, of late, among the manufacturers of marine cables, lest the sources from which gutta-percha is derived should be speedily exhausted.

Gutta-percha has one exceedingly dangerous foe. It is that small marine animal, the *teredo*, which lives upon it, and could speedily strip the copper-wire of its protection against seawater without the further precautions about to be described: the conductor and the isolator are enveloped in a thick layer of matted hemp, and the whole tightly wound with a series of steel wires laid close together and offering a high degree of mechanical resistance. This again is enveloped in tarpaulin constituting a continuous

tube at once strong and flexible; the size of the conductor being regulated by the distance to be traversed; and the thickness of the armor, by the conditions under which the cable is laid and the character of the ocean-bed it has to traverse.

Near the coasts, where the water is shallow, cables are liable to a great many accidents. Fishing-gear and the keels and anchors of ships constantly threaten their integrity. In northerly seas, where huge masses of ice move southward in the spring, it often happens, especially in the neighborhood of Newfoundland, that the roots or bases of these icebergs, which go down very deep into the water, come into violent contact with submarine cables. It becomes necessary therefore to make the armor of the cable excessively strong, using thick steel wire which offers the maximum of resistance; while in the deep seas where the same dangers are not to be apprehended, it can be more lightly constructed. It is even needful to employ, at considerable depths, cables uniting a maximum of resistance to a minimum of weight, for the cable, having its own weight to support, might break of itself if made too heavy.

The manufacture and laying of submarine cables are processes of extreme delicacy. The slightest defect may cause the loss of millions, which may be said, literally, to hang by a thread. The most minute precautions have therefore to be taken both in the manufacture of the wire and in the installation of the line.

The laying of a cable, especially, is a work of exceptional difficulty, requiring the most complicated machinery, and a combination of electrical science with profound nautical experience. It has to be preceded by such a series of soundings as will render feasible the preparation of a complete chart of the submarine region to be

traversed, giving as precise an idea as may be of the elevations and depressions in the ocean-bed. The English Admiralty long since organized an extensive system of soundings with a view to the laying of cables, having had, from the first, almost a monopoly of that operation. Thanks to their efforts, we are now quite exactly informed concerning the character of the ocean-bed in that portion of the Atlantic between England and America where are deposited the dozen or more cables which connect Europe with the New World. If the sea could be drained in those parts, we should see, starting from the European side, first a gentle slope downward of about two hundred and fifty miles, then a plateau, almost level for a thousand miles or so, at a depth of from two and a half to three and a half miles, forming a cavity large enough to contain Mont Blanc; then, as you approach the American coast, another ascending slope. There are no serious obstructions; a carriage might be driven over the entire distance. Where the cables touch bottom, they lie, for the most part, in a deep, fat mud, formed from the decomposition of microscopic shells, and constituting of itself a complete protection for the lines. But the case is very different where they are suspended in the water, and exposed to the attacks of whales, sharks, sword-fish and other marine monsters, who knock violently against them, gnaw, and often destroy them altogether. We hear of a whale in the Persian gulf, who was once caught in the loop of a cable, and so wound himself up, in his struggles to get free, that he became completely helpless, and was finally devoured by other sea-creatures.

Cables are laid by ships fitted out for the purpose, and so arranged as to carry the entire, or almost the entire,

length of wire. Huge iron vats are planted amidships, where the wire lies coiled in successive layers. It is paid out from these vats by an apparatus which not only directs it toward the point of immersion, but registers, each instant, the tension to which it is subjected. Thus the vessel moves on, leaving the cable astern, until it has discharged the whole section of wire with which it was laden. The end of the wire is now attached to a floating buoy, and the succeeding section of the cable will be laid from this point.

The process of attaching the end of one section of wire to the beginning of the next is an extremely difficult and ticklish one, but the whole future working of the cable depends on its being successfully accomplished. The method employed is that of *splicing* the interior wires so that they will form a continuous conductor between the two landing-places, and of joining the successive layers of the sheath. Some idea of the excessive precaution required may be derived from the fact that the tiniest drop of sweat upon the hand of the mechanic who does the soldering may spoil everything by preventing the union of the parts. The solderer must first wash his hands, and then dip them in a naphtha bath, to render them absolutely dry; and even so he must refrain from touching any other object until the operation is finished.

The cable once laid, messages are transmitted by the well-known system of the American Morse, the principle of which, extended and perfected since his day, is still applied on all existing lines. Originally the passage of the successive electrical waves was recorded by means of magnetic action upon a small mirror. This mirror oscillated to the right or the left, according as the current sent from the station was positive or negative, and more or less with the varying length of the

waves transmitted by the Morse apparatus. The oscillating mirror, on the lines where it is still employed, receives a ray of light which is reflected upon a screen, and the magnified variations of the image thus produced form letters and words.

This process is an extremely fatiguing one for the operator, who must work in the dark, with his attention strained to the utmost. Moreover it leaves no permanent trace of the messages transmitted. Another process has therefore been devised, whereby the oscillations are communicated to a pencil formed of a tiny tube filled with the thinnest of ink, which leaves the marks of its movement to the right or the left, upon a strip of paper. This is the *syphon recorder* of Sir W. Thompson, now Lord Thelvin.

The different submarine telegraph companies are just now much interested in a third system, which would permit the direct transmission of printed characters. This process, the invention of M. Ader, would give us transatlantic messages exactly like those which are now sent over the great land lines.

VI.

The main international telegraphic lines of the world, almost all of which are in the hands of English companies, may be divided into three groups:—the North American, the South American, and that of the Orient and the extreme Orient.

The first group comprises:—

1st. The *Anglo-American Telegraph Company*, which owns one of the cables ending at Brest, and two others connecting Europe and America.

2d. The *Direct United States Telegraph*.

3d. The *Commercial Cable Company*, a purely American enterprise which

comprises three cables between Ireland and America.

The second group consists of the *Brazilian Submarine Telegraph*—two lines connecting Europe and Brazil—and the *Western and Brazilian Telegraph*, which runs along the west coast of South America from Para to Buenos Ayres.

The third group comprises:—

1. The *Eastern Telegraph Company*, which owns all the cables laid in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean.

2. The *Eastern Extension Australia and China Telegraph*, which is the prolongation toward the Extreme Orient of the other Eastern lines, and

3. The *Eastern and South African Telegraph*, which prolongs the same lines to the African coast.

These companies own, collectively, some one hundred and fifty thousand miles of submarine cable, and have an invested capital of more than one hundred million dollars. Though run at a large profit, they also receive from the British government subventions amounting to a million and a quarter. The interests of the British navy are involved, since it is just as important for the Queen's government to secure naval communications as to possess a completely equipped fleet.

The first thing which strikes a Frenchman on a rapid survey of the submarine telegraph lines of the globe is the insignificant place occupied by France, and indeed by all other nations, in the immense network of the English system.

In the Mediterranean, the cables which connect Marseilles with Oran, Algiers, and Tunis are French. There is one French transatlantic cable, and the line between South America and the Antilles is also owned in France. And that is all.

In the North sea there are sundry lines which converge towards Den-

mark, are prolonged by land lines crossing Russia and Siberia, and finally make connection at Vladivostok with submarine lines to Hong-Kong. All these cables are owned by the great Russo-Danish Northern Telegraph Company, in which the Imperial family of Russia has invested very largely. What are they, however, beside the enormous development of the English lines, which are ubiquitous, enclosing the entire world in a veritable spider's-web?

The creation of this vast net-work is largely due, of course, to the enterprise of powerful companies, but even more to the enlightened protection of the English government.

The moment the possibility of communication at great distances had been practically demonstrated, the rulers of Great Britain perceived the incontestable commercial and political advantages which would accrue to their country from an extensive system of telegraphic lines all under their own control; and they proceeded to encourage to the utmost the organization of companies, both by pecuniary aid and by protecting them against foreign aggression.

The English government and the English telegraphic companies, acting in concert, have shown both a practical good sense and a clearness of political foresight which we must have the courage frankly to admire. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that this fine initiative of theirs places the other colonial powers—and France particularly—in a rather grave situation, even in times of peace, and that it might prove fatal to our entire marine in the event of war between the two countries.

Improbable and undesirable as such a contingency may appear—Mr. Chamberlain to the contrary notwithstanding—it is well enough to consider the probable consequences to a de-

clared foe of Great Britain's empire of the seas. Her preponderance is assured not merely by the occupation of such strategic points as Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, Aden and Singapore but also by the power she would possess, in such a case, of cutting all communication between the continent of Europe and the outside world, while preserving her own intact. All the other nations of Europe are her tributaries, obliged, save in rare instances, to confide the sending of their telegrams to her. It would not do, at an important crisis, to trust to the impartiality which has sometimes been cast up against her; as, for instance, when the troops accompanying her colonial expeditions have found the hostile natives provided by English merchants with arms of English manufacture! And, as a matter of fact, the Queen's government now inserts, in its specifications, the four following provisos:—

1. That the cable companies shall employ no foreigners.
2. That the wires shall be carried into no foreign office, nor ever be subject to foreign control.
3. That English government despatches shall take precedence of all others.
4. That in case of war, the government has a right to occupy all telegraphic stations in English territory, or under English control and to work the lines through its own agents.

The fact being established that no despatch from any distant part of the globe can reach Europe except over English lines, let us, for a moment, fancy what would happen, if—which may God forbid!—war were to break out between the two great naval powers of the world, England and France.

We will leave the Channel and the Mediterranean out of the account. It may be admitted that our squadrons there would be able to hold their own

against an enormously augmented English force, and that the defensive works which bristle along our coasts would suffice to keep the foe at a distance. But France is not merely a continental power. She also possesses a colonial empire for whose defence she maintains naval detachments in the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. What would become of these colonies and these fleets?

We will suppose that war has been declared, and that it is necessary to announce the fact without delay to our governor-general in Indo-China, and to the commander of our forces in the Far East. The news is telegraphed. But a glance at any submarine telegraphic chart will show that the English cable touches at Aden, which is English territory; at Bombay—English territory; at Singapore, which is also, if we mistake not, English territory. The despatches are stopped, of course, and there are our fleets, without news, without precise instructions, separated by thousands of leagues from the mother country, abandoned to their fate! Consider, on the other hand, how formidable is the foe against which they will have to contend. The British squadron in the Far East is more than five times as large as our own. It can summon to its assistance both the Pacific and the Australian divisions, and bring down upon our Indo-China, within a few weeks, a large part of the Anglo-Indian army. While our governmental despatches are destroyed or delayed, the English Admiralty remains free to issue all needful instructions. Here surely is a serious peril, and one which would render the chances of a conflict singularly unequal.

Moreover these telegraphic stations all about the world, occupied by English agents, constitute a most important means of influence; especially when, as in the well-remembered cases

of Morocco and Siam, it follows from the opportune breaking, or the miraculous blocking of a line, that English diplomatists are the first, if not the only persons, to be informed of acts which equally concern other countries! The value of international cable communication has also been strikingly illustrated by the incidents of the Spanish-American war.

With the awakening of public interest in France a number of new telegraphic enterprises have been started. The republican government, aroused to a sense of our marked inferiority in this direction, has lately voted, in both chambers, a large sum to facilitate the union of the two Americas by a French cable, and also the construction of a new transatlantic line, which will be the sole direct one between Continental Europe and the United States.

This is but a modest beginning, but it may at least serve, in the course of a year, to release our colonies in America from the telegraphic monopoly of

our neighbors across the Channel. In South Africa, the East, and the Far East the situation remains unchanged, and there is much to be done before we shall have secured, in these directions, the independence we so greatly need.

It is by no means a scheme impossible to realize. Great navies are of little use for defense, without the means of communicating with them; but the schemes now under contemplation by the French government promise well from a purely financial point of view. The great English submarine cables are excellent property, yielding as we have seen an income of more than twenty million dollars, on an invested capital of one hundred and sixty to one hundred and seventy million dollars. The fact that public and private interests are here so completely in accord, ought greatly to encourage those who have at heart the safety, the greatness and the honor of our country.

Lazare Weiller.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

NATURE.

Because out of corruption burns the rose,
And to corruption lovely cheeks descend;
Because with her right hand she heals the woes
Her left hand wrought, loth nor to wound nor mend;

I praise indifferent Nature, affable
To all philosophies, of each unknown;
Though in my listening ear she leans to tell
Some private word, as if for me alone.

Still, like an artist, she her meaning hides,
Silent, while thousand tongues proclaim it clear;
Ungrudging, her large feast for all provides;
Tender, exultant, savage, blithe, austere,

In each man's hand she sets its proper tool,
For the wise, wisdom, folly for the fool.

Laurence Binyon.

A GOOD TURN.

"God made the world good," said Sultan Jan, "but He made women very bad."

Sultan Jan, veteran of many fights, and havildar in the Khemistan Horse, was sitting smoking on the verandah before his quarters when he uttered this unorthodox sentiment. Its conciseness pleased him so much that he repeated it in a louder tone, for the benefit of any of the garrison of the fort—which was called by the tribesmen Shah Nawaz, but was known to the British authorities as No. 996—that might happen to be within hearing.

"God made the world good, but He made women very bad, so that they are verily but instruments of Shaitan for dragging men down to destruction. What need has a young man like Haycraft Sahib—a very Rustam in fight—to care about women? and yet he is pining away for love of the yellow-haired woman at Alibad, the Colonel Sahib's daughter. He does not eat—for his bearer has told me so—he does not sleep as a young man should; he grows thin and pale, and when he is not on duty he spends his time in walking on the ramparts where they look towards Alibad, or on writing on pieces of paper and tearing them up. He will not go near her, for she has flouted him, as is the way of women when they perceive that a man has put his strength in their hands, but he longs after her all the more. Now what is to be done for him? Surely it falls to me to do something, for my heart yearns over the lad since I caught him up from among the hoofs of the horses in the skirmish on the border, and saved him from the swords of the tribesmen and the knives of their women, and I would

not see him continue to grow sick and weak. Shall I send word to my brother across the border to make a raid on the traders from India when next they camp outside the fort? The fight would rouse Haycraft Sahib, and he would pursue the tribesmen and punish them, and forget all about the yellow-haired woman. But no; the tribesmen will not raid in this direction again until they have had time to forget the way in which he carried fire and sword among them the last time. What, then, is to be done? How shall the woman's spell be broken? Why, surely"—Sultan Jan jumped up from the mat in his excitement—"if he wants the girl, he shall have her. He will not stretch out his hand to take her, because he has eaten the Colonel Sahib's salt, but it is not so with us. The Colonel Sahib is no officer of ours. To-morrow I and the rest of the troopers belonging to my father's house have leave to attend the festival of the tribe, and we will seize the woman with the yellow hair, and bring her here. Then when Haycraft Sahib has her he will care for her no more, and he will be himself again, and the whole detachment will support him in his blood-feud with the Colonel Sahib, and flee with him across the border if need be."

The more Sultan Jan pondered his new idea, the more it delighted him, and his grey moustaches were curled by most unwonted smiles as he sat revolving the details of his scheme. So confident was he of its entire success that he could not resist saying a word of comfort to the person whom the plan was designed to benefit, when he happened to meet him crossing the courtyard of the fort.

"Be of good cheer, Sahib," he said,

as he saluted. "When the night is darkest, the dawn is at hand."

Sultan Jan was a privileged person since saving his young commander's life, but Fred Haycraft could scarcely believe his ears when he heard this unmistakable reference to his personal affairs, and his face was red with vexation as the old soldier swaggered away. A moment's reflection, however, showed him that it was scarcely surprising that some rumor as to the cause of his frequent visits to the cantonments at Allbad, and also of their sudden cessation, should have got abroad in the detachment, and he was satisfied with merely denominating Sultan Jan an old meddler as he passed on.

Evening was approaching, and Colonel Graham and his daughter had started for their dally ride in the uninteresting environs of Allbad. Passing the hospital, the Colonel remembered that he had something to say to the surgeon in charge, and with an apology to his daughter he dismounted and entered the building, leaving his horse in charge of the groom. He was detained longer than he had expected, and Miss Graham began to ride slowly up and down the road, more in the hope of banishing certain unpleasant thoughts that were tormenting her than because she was impatient of the delay. The place was lonely enough, but there was no reason for alarm, for almost a generation had elapsed since any hostile tribesmen had penetrated to the neighborhood of Allbad, and the two grooms were close at hand and her father within call. But the surroundings were somewhat doleful, and the nearness of the hospital to the cemetery unpleasantly suggestive, so that the thoughts from which she sought to escape continued to trouble her. Riding in the dim shadow of the grove of

trees which bounded the cemetery, she remembered that from the end of the road there was a view of the hilly tract of desert which stretched to the eastward to be obtained in the direction of Fort Shah Nawaz. The recollection naturally brought with it the thought of Fred Haycraft, and she sighed impatiently as she glanced over the waste of sand and rock. Fred was such a dear boy, and they had been on the very verge of coming to an understanding, when he had taken it into his foolish head to make a fuss on the subject of Brendon of the Public Works Department. True, Brendon was a prig and a man of mark in his way, and the Colonel looked upon him with favor; but Miss Graham was bound to be civil to her father's guests, and she had every right to give him an extra dance at the Queen's Birthday ball if she chose. The unfortunate thing was, that Mr. Haycraft imagined that the dance had been promised to him, and instead of blaming his own memory, or thinking that a mistake had been made, leaped to the conclusion that Miss Graham had shunted him on purpose. Hence a quarrel, conducted chiefly by means of glances, under the very noses of the rest of the dancers, and a strong sense of injury on both sides—so strong, indeed, on Miss Graham's, that the very next morning Haycraft saw her riding with Brendon. Her careless bow to him as she passed completed the effect, and Haycraft returned to Shah Nawaz anathematizing, as is the wont of young men in his position, the whole race of women, and had sulked there persistently ever since. Miss Graham's heart was very sore as she gazed at the desert through a mist of tears. Why was he so blind? Why couldn't he understand that the ride was undertaken with the sole object of driving him to demand an explanation, and thus clearing up the trouble

of the night before? But if he preferred to stay away and sulk—why, of course, he must please himself; and Miss Graham turned her back resolutely on the desert, and prepared to canter back to the hospital. But as soon as she was in the shade of the trees again, with her eyes somewhat dazzled by the sunset light, she thought she heard a rustling in the wood. She reined up suddenly, and as she did so, there was a rush from among the trees on both sides of the road, and she found herself surrounded by wild-looking figures wearing the dress of the frontier tribesmen, whose intention was evidently to bar her passage.

Miss Graham was a young woman of nerve and resource, and she perceived at once that not only her own liberty but the safety of Alibad might depend on her escape from this trap. She had her horse well in hand, and, bringing down the whip heavily on his flank, she headed him straight at the leader of the party, a ruffianly old man whose face seemed in some curious way familiar to her. But the old man avoided her onslaught with great dexterity, and as she laid about her gallantly with her whip the horse reared, and she found herself wrenched from her saddle, coming to the ground with considerable force. More frightened than hurt, however, she was looking round in bewilderment when a cloth was flung over her head, blindfolding and gagging her most effectually. She struggled with all her might, but her hands were seized and bound in front of her, and she was lifted on her horse again. Then some sort of cloak was thrown over her, covering both herself and her saddle, and the horse was led away. At first she tried to discover the direction in which she was being taken, but soon perceived that her captors, in order to baffle any such at-

tempt, were changing their course constantly, once or twice even going round and round, as it seemed to her, and she gave up the endeavor, and did her best to realize the state of affairs. That she had been carried off by tribesmen from beyond the border could not be doubted; but the fact that such a daring outrage had been perpetrated almost in sight of the cantonments seemed to threaten a general raid on British territory such as had not occurred for years. But why should the brunt of the attack fall on her? Could it be that she had been seized as a ransom or hostage for the safety of a certain very holy and very troublesome Mullah whom it had been found advisable to detain in safe custody? If this was the case, nothing beyond a good deal of inconvenience was likely to befall her; and Miss Graham began to consider the alleviations of her position.

"I am so thankful that papa was not with me at the moment," she said to herself, "for they might have killed him, or, at any rate, made him prisoner, too; and what would have happened to Alibad then? But now he will come to look for me as soon as he has made things safe. I wonder how soon it will be before it will strike Hussein that I am rather a long time riding to the end of the road and back again? He will think that Prince has run away, and he will come to the edge of the desert to look for me. Then he will find the marks of a struggle on the sand of the road, and he will rush back and give papa a dreadful fright by telling him that the Miss Sahib has been carried off by the tribes. Then they will send out scouts, and get a force together, and I suppose the people in the cantonments will have to take refuge in the fort in case of an attack on the place, and they will have to make arrangements in view of all sorts of things, and—oh, dear!

I'm afraid papa will never come up with us to-night." A few unwilling tears forced themselves from her eyes, although she struggled hard to restrain them. "They will be sure to overtake us in the morning—they must."

By her horse's frequent stumbles on rocky ground she now judged that her captors were taking her across the desert. The cloth over her head covered her so closely that she could scarcely hear their words when they exchanged a few muttered remarks, and could not distinguish anything they said. Once they stopped, and apparently talked a little with some one they met, and Miss Graham did her best to call out, but in vain. She heard the stranger laugh grimly as he went on his way, and guessed that he had been told she was the runaway wife of one of the party, who had been retaken, and was being brought home to suffer the due reward of her deeds. Her heart sank again as she recalled the various frontier tales at which she had shuddered when she heard them—rumors of lost Englishwomen, supposed to have been murdered in some raid, but in reality carried off across the border, whence vague tales of misery and humiliation had filtered back through the talk of the friendly tribes. Would her name be added to the roll of those at the mention of whom men's brows darkened, and women trembled and grew pale? With an effort she pulled herself together, and drove away the horror which had seized upon her, forcing back even the tears which would have brought her relief. The tribesmen should find no signs of fear on her face when they removed the wrappings which shrouded it. Still the monotonous march went on, until she almost fell asleep from sheer fatigue and anxiety; but at last she found herself lifted from her horse and led

in at what seemed to be a stone doorway. Several passages, alternating with flights of steps, followed, and then the hands which had guided her were suddenly removed from her shoulders, and she heard the closing of a door. It was evident that she had been taken across the border, and was now imprisoned in one of the rude stone forts built by the tribesmen.

"They might have taken this thing off my head," she said to herself indignantly, trying to unloose the cloth with her bound hands; but it was fastened behind, and she could not raise her arms sufficiently to reach it, although she succeeded in shaking off the veil which had covered her from head to foot. The next step was to try and discover the nature and extent of her prison, and she walked in one direction until she came to the wall, and began to feel along it. The rough stone surface told her nothing, but finding something suspended on it about the level of her face, she raised her hands to it, and, to her astonishment, discovered it to be a tennis-racquet. That marauding tribesmen occasionally made prize of strange things she knew, but the use or beauty of a tennis-racquet employed exclusively as a mural decoration was not very evident. Her surprise was increased when, pursuing her search along the wall, she came next on a picture in a frame.

"This is the queerest native fort I ever heard of," she said to herself, and, leaving the wall, made a bold dash for the opposite side of the room. It scarcely astonished her to come into collision on her way with various boxes, a camp-table, and two cane chairs; and having passed these perils, she stood still and tried to fix their position in her mind. When she had succeeded in realizing their relative places, a new anxiety seized her. The recollection had come to her mind of a

snapshot photograph which Fred Haycraft had once shown her of what he called his "banqueting hall" at Fort Shah Nawaz; and once more she felt about among the furniture, then heaved a sigh of relief. No, the fort had not been stormed and the defenders killed before she was brought to it. The room was untidy merely with the ordinary untidiness of a bachelor's sitting room, not as it would have been had the tribesmen looted it. Miss Graham sat down content in one of the chairs she had discovered.

"It's an utterly insoluble mystery," she said, "for I'm sure that the man whose face I thought I knew was the havildar Sultan Jan. But at any rate, it's all right now. I wonder when he will come in?" Now Miss Graham's "he" did not mean Sultan Jan.

Lieutenant Haycraft was returning to his quarters after going the rounds, in no very happy frame of mind. Milton, the junior who shared with him the honors and responsibilities of command at Shah Nawaz, had ridden out to a distant village during the afternoon to inquire into an alleged case of cattle-lifting, and had not returned. Haycraft had advised him, in case he should be kept late, to remain overnight at the village, since the Khemistan frontier is not exactly a healthy place after nightfall for a British officer with an escort of only two native troopers; but now he felt inclined to regard his absence almost in the light of a personal grievance. If Milton had come back they could at least have talked shop over their supper, or discussed the merits of their respective dogs, whereas now he could only resume his hopeless and monotonous occupation of writing letters to Miss Graham which were never sent. After all, it was her place to make the first step towards a reconciliation, if she cared for one. She had treated

him shamefully, done her best to make a fool of him, and he had only himself to thank that she had not succeeded. Probably she was engaged to Brendon by this time—well, who cared? Not Fred Haycraft, at all events. So he assured himself, even while he ground his teeth at the very thought. The sudden appearance of Sultan Jan in his path, with his hand raised to the salute, interrupted his meditations, and he paused to ask after the old soldier's family, whom Sultan Jan had visited that day on the occasion of some tribal festival.

"They are all well, Sahib, and my youngest nephew is coming to enlist in the corps. Sahib, I think that before long you will find that the dawn is very near at hand."

Puzzled by the reference to Sultan Jan's mysterious remark of the day before, Haycraft mounted the steps to his quarters, and threw open the door of the sitting room, then paused in speechless astonishment on the threshold. His surprise was not uncalled for. In Milton's chair there was sitting a lady in a riding-habit; a native cloth was swathed round her head, with her own helmet set jauntily askew on the top of it, and her hands were tied together at the wrists. Horror kept Haycraft motionless for a moment; then, as the lady lifted her bound hands to him entreatingly, he tore out his knife and dashed towards her. The cord was cut in a moment, and the intricate knots which fastened the head-covering sawn through, and as the cloth fell aside, Haycraft stood astonished and horrified in the presence of Miss Graham.

"What has happened?" he stammered. "Who has dared—?"

"Please get me a little water," said Miss Graham, faintly. In spite of the rough treatment she had received, she was far more equal to the situation than her recalcitrant lover; but she

felt that she needed all her wits about her if events were not to be allowed to get beyond her management. Haycraft flew for the water, and, while she sipped it, began mechanically to chafe her left hand, which was cold and numb, with the wrist deeply marked by the cords.

"Please don't look at me with such a depth of horror in your eyes," she said at last, trying to laugh. "It's all right now."

"But what happened? Who brought you here in this state?"

"I was carried off by tribesmen from the end of the cemetery road."

"And my fellows rescued you and brought you up here, and never thought of setting you free? Oh, the idiots! the shameful idiots! How any one could have been such a brute as to tie you up like this! My poor darling, how you must have suffered!" and he pressed his lips involuntarily to the mark on her wrist. But she drew her hand away hastily.

"No; please wait until you have heard all. It's much worse than you think. The men who carried me off were dressed like tribesmen, but they were led by your old havildar Sultan Jan—the man who saved your life."

Haycraft uttered an exclamation, and then stood silent, all the horrible truth forcing itself in upon his mind. Sultan Jan's mysterious consolations, his sympathetic prophecy of approaching happiness, had meant this—this. "Oh, he shall pay for it!" said Haycraft, savagely, picking up his whip and turning to the door. But Miss Graham was before him.

"What are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Murder that old villain."

"You know that if you touch him with a whip he will stab you. And are you going to leave me alone with him and his men?"

"You are right," he answered,

hoarsely, laying down the whip. "I promise you not to use violence, but send him to the cells I must and will, until I see whether it will punish him most to court-martial him or hand him over to the ordinary courts."

"No, you mustn't do either—at least, you won't if you do as I ask you. If you punish him, you must make an official report on the subject, and if he is tried, all the facts will be brought out; and do you think it kind to make such a use of my name as that would involve? It is very hard that you should make me say all this. You ought to think of it for yourself."

"Right again. Yes, I am a wretched blunderer, and your name shall not be mentioned. But never mind, I will take it out of him just the same. He may court-martial me if he likes, prove that I have developed a tyrannical and overbearing disposition of late, but nothing shall be said about you."

"Listen to me, Mr. Haycraft. You will do nothing of the kind. You have saved me from the tribesmen—do you understand?—and you will take me back to Alibad to-night, and no one will know anything of the truth, except my father. I must tell him, of course."

"May I ask by what authority you lay these commands on me, Miss Graham?"

"By my own. Surely you must see that my only possible wish is to help you by preventing any one from thinking—well, keeping them from imagining that you—"

Haycraft started violently. "I hadn't thought of that. Miss Graham"—with fierce anxiety in his tones—"you don't think that I had anything to do with this piece of villainy? If you do, say so, and I will blow out my brains on the spot."

"If I thought so, do you imagine that I should be standing here talking to

you like this? No, no. I know you far too well to think anything of the kind. But I want to make sure that nobody else shall have the faintest chance of thinking so. There are some people who are not—well, are not exactly your friends, you know”—she did not name Brendon of the Public Works Department, but Haycraft's thoughts turned to him at once—"and you can see how disagreeable it would be for my father—and for me—to have anything of that kind said."

"You are awfully good, Miss Graham, and I will do all I can to keep your name out of the matter, but it is quite impossible to smooth things over as you propose. I can never meet Sultan Jan peaceably again after this. He had better make himself scarce before I catch him."

"Yes, you can meet him peaceably again if I ask you—and I do ask you."

"You don't understand. I tell you it's impossible."

"Oh, very well. I see why you find it so hard to forgive him. But for him I should not be here to worry you, and you hate me so much it's impossible to pardon him."

"You know that it is the way he treated you that maddens me."

"Not at all. It is because he brought me here when you were resolved never to see me again."

"But I tell you that I was going to ride over to-morrow."

"To renounce me for ever?"

"No, to ask you to forgive me for behaving like a jealous brute."

"Well, I don't say you are not to ride over to-morrow, but you are forgiven now. Pass on the forgiveness to Sultan Jan."

"But do you realize what your forgiveness involves?"

"Perhaps I am not altogether in the dark." She looked smilingly into his eager eyes. "But that is a matter for

to-morrow's consideration. This evening we must—"

"My darling!" He took a step forward, as if about to kiss her, then drew back. "No, not now, when you are my guest under my roof. But to-morrow!"

Miss Graham's firm lips trembled. "I never liked you so well as I do at this moment," she said impulsively, holding out her hand to him. "No, don't be silly; shake hands. And now we must really think of business. My father will be in a terrible state, so please take me back to Alibad at once. We shall meet the rescue-party on the way, no doubt, and you can deliver up your unwelcome charge. While the escort is getting ready, you might summon Sultan Jan, and let us work on his feelings. You have forgiven him, mind."

"No, no; it can't be done."

"Then I don't forgive you, and you are not to ride over to-morrow. The two things stand or fall together."

With sudden docility Haycraft went out to give his orders, finding, to his great satisfaction, that Milton had braved the nightly terrors of the desert, and had returned. He could therefore be placed in charge of the fort, which it might have been dangerous to leave without an Englishman in command, a difficulty which had not occurred to Miss Graham. Having arranged matters with him, Haycraft returned to his quarters and sent for Sultan Jan, who entered swelling with honest pride, which became positive complacency when he saw his commander standing beside Miss Graham's chair with what, no doubt, seemed to him an air of proprietorship. In the fulness of his contentment he even went so far as to bestow a separate salute upon her.

"Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, "look at me."

"I see you, Sahib." Hurt surprise at

Haycraft's unsympathetic tone was distinctly audible in Sultan Jan's voice.

"Do I look like a *badmash*, a betrayer of his salt, a contemner of hospitality, Sultan Jan?"

"Nay, Sahib; but"—in a consoling tone—"It is the fate even of the wisest to fall sometimes."

"Did you rescue me from the battle that you might slay my honor in time of peace, Sultan Jan?"

"No man can slay the Lieutenant Sahib's honor save himself."

"Nay; who has sought to do in my name a deed that would brand me with infamy, and rightly, wherever an Englishman is found?"

"Nay, Sahib; no man can know that we were working for you. We laid aside the uniform of the empress, and became once more like our brethren who call no man master. We placed our heads in jeopardy, but suspicion cannot light upon you."

"Can't you understand, Sultan Jan, that you have done a most shameful and wicked deed, and one deserving of death?" Haycraft's anger was breaking its bounds again, and Miss Graham laid her hand for a moment on his to calm him, while Sultan Jan stood staring at them, utterly taken aback.

"I knew not that the Sahib was blood-brother to the Colonel Sahib," he murmured, after racking his brains to find some possible explanation of Haycraft's wrath.

"All Christians are blood-brothers to one another," interposed Miss Graham, hastily, for the sake of peace.

"I knew it not, Miss Sahib," responded Sultan Jan, with unintentional irony.

"See, Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, moderating his tones with difficulty, "when I heard what you had done I was going out with my whip, intending to deal with you as I dealt with the tribesman who stole my pony—you

remember?—but the Miss Sahib has asked for mercy for you."

"The Miss Sahib feared for the life of the Lieutenant Sahib," was the calm reply, and Haycraft gave up any further attempt to convey instruction to this singularly impracticable mind.

"I have forgiven you, Sultan Jan, because the Miss Sahib desires it, remembering that you are the man who saved my life. And now go, and see that the escort is ready to ride with us to Alibad."

"The Sahib would take the woman back to her father, when I and my kinsmen risked our lives to obtain her for him?" Sheer amazement had bereft Sultan Jan of his good manners for a moment.

"Certainly, and at once. Go, Sultan Jan. Am I to command twice?"

"God made the English," said Sultan Jan with dignity, "and it may be that He undersands them; but verily it is beyond the power of man to do so."

With this parting shot he left the room, no doubt resolving to make no further attempts to do a good turn to such incomprehensible people. Meanwhile, Miss Graham smoothed her hair by the aid of a ridiculously small looking glass which Haycraft brought out, and drank a cup of tea which Milton brewed for her special benefit by means of a spirit-lamp, and then announced herself as ready, and indeed eager, to start. When the little party had left the fort it was still necessary to give some further directions to Sultan Jan, and Haycraft called him up.

"Understand, Sultan Jan, that nothing is ever to be said of this plot of yours."

"Nay, Sahib," in a sulky voice; "I have already laid that charge upon my kinsmen who helped me. No man cares to be made a laughing-stock to the world."

"The Miss Sahib and I will not betray you. We shall say that she was

carried off by tribesmen—as is true, since you and yours had forgotten your duty and returned to your old ways for the time—and that you brought her into the fort.”

“True, Sahib; and I will say that we took her by force from the tribesmen, and that three of them were killed and not one left unwounded when they fled before us.”

“That won’t do, Sultan Jan. The Colonel Sahib would wish to see the battlefield. You had better stick to the truth.”

“And I would have said that the Lieutenant Sahib proved himself a veritable Dillir Jang, and cut down the chief man of the robbers!” murmured Sultan Jan, regretfully, as he fell back to his place.

After less than an hour’s riding the party from Shah Nawaz fell in with the rescue expedition from Alibad, and after a narrow escape from being fired upon—for, in the belief that a general invasion of the frontier was in progress, people were inclined to see a tribesman in every rock—succeeded in restoring Miss Graham to her father. Great was the excitement among the Alibad force, and the simple and matter-of-fact statement of the heroine of the occasion could do little to allay it.

“I found myself surrounded by tribesmen, and I was tied and gagged, and then I don’t remember very much until I found Mr. Haycraft setting me free,” she said.

“God bless you, Haycraft!” said Colonel Graham, wringing the young man’s hand. “How can I ever thank you properly?”

“Really, sir, I did nothing but cut the cords and things,” was the truthful disclaimer, which was universally attributed to modesty. “I only wish I had come up in time to do some good; but whatever credit there is belongs to the havildar Sultan Jan. He and his cousins and nephews were return-

ing from leave, and happened on the spot at the psychological instant. There was no fighting,” he added vindictively, as he caught sight of Sultan Jan, looking modestly conscious of solid worth.

“Could you identify any of the villains if they were caught, Miss Graham?” asked Brendon, who had accompanied the force as a volunteer.

“There are one or two that I really think I should know again,” she responded.

“It’s the most mysterious thing I ever heard of,” Brendon went on. “A body of hostile tribesmen appearing out of the very ground, as it were, in this way, and then turning tail after all without making a fight of it.” His wonder fell on deaf ears, for Miss Graham was not listening to him.

“May I come and see you to-morrow, sir?” she heard Haycraft saying to her father, and then muttering something about hoping that the fright would do Miss Graham no harm.

“I was intending to ride out to you, Haycraft,” said the colonel; “but if you have business in town, pray come to us.”

“Then I must tell papa to-night,” thought Miss Graham, and as soon as she reached home she insisted on unfolding her story, regardless alike of her fatigue and the lateness of the hour. The recital awakened alternate disgust and irrepressible amusement in the hearer.

“We must keep the secret, I suppose,” he said at last. “We should set the empire in a roar if we confessed that we had built up a full-grown frontier scare on such a foundation.”

“Yes, papa, and you must ride over to Shah Nawaz, and call Sultan Jan out before the troop, and compliment him on his bravery, and give him a sword or a robe of honor or something—for saving me, you know.”

“I’ll be hanged if I do!” broke from

the colonel. His daughter held up a reproachful finger.

"Papa, you really shouldn't. I'm shocked at you. But you can reward

Sultan Jan with a clear conscience; for, after all, he has done a good turn to your daughter as well as to his commander, you see."

Blackwood's Magazine.

Sydney C. Grier.

DEVIL-FISH.

Among such primitive peoples as still exist, not the least curious or notable trait which universally obtains is the manner in which all things uncanny, or which they are unable to comprehend, are by common consent ascribed to the Devil. Not to a devil as one of a host, but the Devil *par excellence*, as though they understood him to be definable only as the master and originator of whatsoever things are terrifying, incomprehensible or cruel. Many eminent writers have copiously enriched our literature by their researches into this all-prevailing peculiarity, so that the subject has on the whole, been well threshed out, and it is merely alluded to *en passant* as one of the chief reasons for the epithet which forms the title of this article.

Now it will doubtless be readily admitted that sea-folk retain, even among highly civilized nations, their old-world habits of thought and expression longer than any other branch of the population. This can scarcely be wondered at, since to all of us, even the least imaginative, the eternal mystery of the ocean appeals with thrilling and ever-fresh effect every time that we come into close personal relations with it.

But when those whose daily bread depends upon their constant struggle with the mighty marine forces, who are familiar with so many of its marvels, and saturated with the awe-in-

spiring solemnity which is the chief characteristic of the sea, are in the course of their avocations brought suddenly in contact with some seldom-seen visitor of horrent aspect arising from the gloomy unknown depths, with one accord they speak of the monster as a "devil-fish," and the name never fails to stick.

So that there is, not one species of devil-fish, but several, each peculiar to some different part of the world, and inspiring its own special terror in the hearts of mariners of many nations. Of the devil-fish that we, in this country, hear about, and that is indelibly portrayed for us by Victor Hugo, the octopus, so much has been written and said that it is not necessary now to do much more than make passing allusion to the family. But the *cephalopoda* embraces so vast a variety that it seems hardly fair to single out of them all the comparatively harmless octopus for opprobrium, while leaving severely unmentioned the gigantic onychoteuthis of the deep sea, to say nothing of many intermediate cuttle-fish. From the enormous mollusc just mentioned—which is, not unreasonably, credited by seamen with being the largest fish in the ocean—to the tiny loligo, upon which nearly all deep-water fish feed, hideousness is their prevailing feature, and truly appalling of aspect some of the larger ones are, while their omnivorous voracity makes them verita-

ble sea-scavengers, to whom nothing comes amiss, alive or dead. And while having no intention to under-rate the claims of the octopus to his diabolical prænomen on account of his slimy ugliness and unquenchable ferocity, I feel constrained to put in a word for that little-known horror of the deep, the ten-armed cuttle-fish, which, like some fearful creation of a diseased brain, broods over the dark and silent profundities of ocean, extending his far-reaching tentacles over an immense area, touching nothing living to which they do not cling with an embrace that never relaxes until the victim is safely deposited within the crushing clutch of the great parrot-like mandibles guarding the entrance to that vast and never-to-be satisfied stomach. Nothing that the morbid imagination of man has ever pictured can surpass in awful appearance the reality of this dire chimæra, which, notwithstanding, has undoubtedly an important part to play in the mysterious economy of the sea. "He dwelleth in the thick darkness;" for, not content with the natural gloom of his abode, he diffuses around him a cloud of sepia, which bewilders and blinds his victims, rendering them an easy prey to the never-resting tentacles which writhe through the mirk, ready at a touch to hold whatever is there, be it small or great.

But the strangest fact connected with this mighty mollusc is, that while from the earliest dawn of literature numberless allusions more or less tinged with imagination have been made to it, modern science has only very recently made up its mind to accept as a fact its existence at all. So many indisputable proofs have, however, been forthcoming of late years, both as to the size and structure of the gigantic cuttle-fish, that it has now taken its place among the verities of natural history as indisputably as the

elephant or the tiger. It has also been firmly established that the sperm whale or cachalot (*Physeter macrocephalus*) finds his principal, if not his only, food in these huge gelatinous masses while ranging the middle depths of the ocean, and that their appearance on the sea surface is generally due to this whale's aggression.

To pass on, however, to a much less-known "devil-fish," in the long fish gallery at the splendid Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is a small specimen, some eighteen inches across, of a fish whose habitat is the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

There it attains enormous proportions, and is, not without reason, known to all the frequenters of those waters as the "devil-fish." When a youngster I was homeward bound from Sant' Ana with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campêche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster some eighteen feet across, and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head. There, what appeared to be two curling horns about three feet apart rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming are ghastly, green and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all these and much more. I felt that the Book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet. Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogey, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that

might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates. Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous splash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that bat-like leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe-inspiring horrors capable of playful gambolling.

At another time, while mate of a barque loading in the Tonala River, one of the Mexican mahogany ports, I was fishing one evening from the vessel's deck with a very stout line and hook for large fish.

A prowling devil-fish picked up my bait, and feeling the hook, as I suppose, sprang out of water with it. I am almost ashamed to say that I made no attempt to secure the thing, which was a comparatively small specimen, but allowed it to amuse itself, until, to my great relief, the hook broke, and I recovered the use of my line, my evening's sport quite spoiled.

These ugly monsters have as yet no commercial value, although from their vast extent of flat surface they might be found worthy of attention for their skins, which should make very excellent shagreen. A closer acquaintance with them would also most probably divest them of much of the terror in which they are held at present.

Another widely known and feared devil-fish has its headquarters in the Northern Pacific, mostly along the American coast, especially affecting the Gulf of California. This huge creature is a mammal, one of the great whale family, really a rorqual of medium size and moderate yield of oil. Like the rest of this much-detested and feared (among whalers) branch of the *cetacea*, it carries but a tiny fringe

of valueless whalebone, and therefore, as compared with the sperm and "right" whales, its value is small. Yet at certain seasons of the year the American whaleships often think it worth their while to spend a month or so bay-whaling in some quiet inlet unknown to, and uncared for by, the bustling merchantman.

In these secluded spots the California devil-fish, mussel-digger, grey-back, and several other aliases not fit for publication; but all showing how the object of them is esteemed by his neighbors, may sometimes be taken at a disadvantage, the cows languid just before or after parturition, and the bulls who escort them too intent upon their loves to be as wily as is their wont.

But only the *élite* of the Yankee whalemén, dexterous and daring as are all the tribe, can hope to get "to windward" of the diabolically cunning giants whom they abuse with such fluent and frequent flow of picturesque profanity. It is a peculiar characteristic of this animal that it seems ever on the alert, scarcely exposing for one moment its broad back above the sea-surface when rising to spout, and generally travelling, unlike all its congeners, not upon, but a few feet below, the water. For this reason, and in this fishery alone, the whalers arm themselves with iron-shafted harpoons, in order to strike with greater force and certainty of direction a whale some distance beneath the surface. A standing order, too, among them is never by any chance to injure a calf while the mother lives, since such an act exposes all and sundry near the spot to imminent and violent death.

Neglect of this most necessary precaution, or, more probably, accident, once brought about a calamity that befell a fleet of thirteen American whaleships which had been engaged in the "bowhead" fishery among the ice-floes

of the Arctic Pacific. In order to waste no time, they came south when winter set in, and by common consent rendezvoused in Margarita Bay, Lower California, for a month or two's devil-fishing.

The whales were exceedingly abundant that season, and all the ships were soon busy with as much blubber as they could manage. The ease with which the whales were being obtained, however, led to considerable carelessness and forgetfulness of the fact that the whale never changes its habits. One bright morning, about three weeks after the opening of the season, the whole flotilla of fifty-two boats, four from each ship, had been lowered and were making their way as rapidly as possible to the outlying parts of the great bay, keeping a bright look-out for "fish." Spreading out fan-wise, they were getting more and more scattered, when about near the centre of the fleet some one suddenly "struck" and got fast to a fish. But hardly had the intimation been given when something very like panic seized upon the crowd. In a moment or two the reason was apparent. From some cause, never definitely known, a harpooner had in striking a large cow whale transfixed her calf at her side with his harpoon, killing it immediately. The mother, having quietly satisfied herself that her offspring was really dead, turned upon her aggressors like a veritable demon of destruction, and, while carefully avoiding exposure of her body to attack, simply spread devastation among the flotilla. Whenever she rose to the surface, it was but for a second, to emit an expiration like the hiss of a lifting safety-valve, and almost always to destroy a boat or complete the destruction of one already hopelessly damaged.

Every blow was dealt with an accuracy and appearance of premeditation that filled the superstitious Portu-

guese, who formed a good half of the crews, with dismay—the more so that many of them could only guess at the original cause of what was really going on. The speed of the monster was so great that her almost simultaneous appearances at points widely separated made her seem ubiquitous; and as she gave no chance whatever for a blow, it certainly looked as if all the boats would be destroyed *seriatim*. Not content with dealing one tremendous blow at a boat and reducing it at once to a bundle of loose boards, she renewed her attentions again and again to the wreckage, as if determined that the destruction should be complete.

Utter demoralization had seized even the veterans, and escape was the only thought governing all action. But the distance to shore was great, and the persistence and vigor of the furious leviathan, so far from diminishing, seemed to increase as the terrible work went on. At last two boats did succeed in reaching the beach at a point where it sloped very gradually. The crews had hardly leaped overboard, to run their craft up high and dry, when close behind them in the shallows foamed and rolled their relentless enemy, just too late to reach them. Out of the large number of well-equipped boats that left the ships that morning, only these two escaped undamaged, and the loss of the season's work was irremediable. Over fifty men were badly injured, and six, one of whom was the unhappy origin of the whole trouble, were killed outright. The triumphant avenger of her slain offspring disappeared as silently as she had carried on her deadly warfare, as far as could be known, unhurt, and with an accumulated hoard of experience that would, if possible, render her more of a "devil" to any unsuspecting whalers who should hereafter have the misfortune to meet with and attack her

than she had proved herself to be already.

Dejected and crippled, the fleet lost no time in getting away from the spot and fleeing north to San Francisco, there to refit for other and more profitable fishing-grounds.

There are a great many "ower-true" tales told of the prowess of this wily creature, but the selection that I have made will doubtless suffice for a fair specimen of what the California "devil-fish" is capable of when opportunity arises.

The volatile and tuneful negroes of the West India islands have their own peculiar "devil-fish," but in this case there is nothing diabolical in the appearance or vast in the size of the creature. It is, indeed, a very well-known fish in most tropical waters, and must from its habits and appearance be closely allied to the hake and pike. Among seamen generally it is well known as the barracouta, and is especially plentiful around the New Zealand coast, where a few hours of the peculiar fishing practised by the Maories will generally reward the fisherman with a gross or so of fish averaging ten to twelve pounds each.

It is among the Leeward Islands, however, that the barracouta attains his largest dimensions, and has inspired the fishermen and boatmen with such dread of him that, while they hold the universally feared shark in supreme contempt, the mere rumor of a "devil-fish" anywhere in their vicinity will bring every nigger within hail scrambling out of the water in double-quick time.

Whether rightly or wrongly I have never been able to ascertain by personal observation, but undoubtedly the fact is that the barracouta is credited with an infernal propensity for inflicting a nameless mutilation upon any human being unfortunate enough

to get within reach of him. He is long and narrow, blue-black above, with a silvery-grey belly, and swift as an arrow. His lower jaw is considerably longer than the upper, and both are armed with teeth almost exactly like those of a dog. From this configuration of the jaws it is unnecessary for the barracouta to turn on its back, like the shark, when he comes for you. Silent, straight, swift, and almost invisible in those dark-blue waters, the first intimation of his presence is often the fatal snap of those lethal jaws, which leaves the hapless victim beyond hope of recovery.

Before quitting this portion of the subject a passing reference may be permitted to a very disheartening occurrence due to the predatory habits of these fish. At very great cost some public-spirited individuals had stocked the upper reaches of the pretty river Clutha in Otago, New Zealand, with salmon-fry from ova imported from England. The incipient salmon flourished until in the course of natural development they reached the "parr" stage of their career. Then in an evil hour they journeyed seawards until they reached the estuary of the river. A school of barracouta had just previously crossed the bar from the sea, and in their search for living food happened upon the toothsome innocents from the secure spawning-beds above. Long did the patient watchers up-country wait, but never more did one of those youthful salmon return to them. All the money spent was wasted, and all the high hopes of a plentiful supply of indigenous salmon were frustrated for years.

There are, of course, many other marine monstrosities to which with more or less show of reason the satanic epithet has been applied; but they are very little known or noticed, except within certain narrow limits. Prob-

bly enough has been said to justify simple savages, and almost equally simple-minded seamen in bestowing upon the creatures of their dead a

name which to them embodies all they are able to conceive of pitiless cruelty, unquenchable ferocity, and unmatchable cunning.

Cornhill Magazine.

Frank T. Bullen.

THE ARISTOCRAT.

(New Style.)

They sundered usage like a wedge;
They swept the ancients from their stools;
By piracy, by sacrilege,
By war across the necks of fools,
A royal road the strong men strode;
But other times have other tools.

The war-lord and the church-lord stir
The pulses of the world no more.
The trader and the usurer
Have passed the lion-guarded door;
The praise, the prayer, the incensed air
Ascend to us from every shore.

A money-lord, unheralded
I issue from a vulgar strain
Of churls who spiced their daily bread
With hungry toil in sun and rain,
A secret dower of patience, power
And courage in my blood and brain.

Though corner, trust and company
Are subtler than the old-time tools,
The sword, the rack, the gallows-tree,
I traverse none of nature's rules;
I lay my yoke on feeble folk,
And march across the necks of fools.

My friends and foes adventured much;
But elbowing iron pots, the delf
Go down in shards; or some rude touch
Of fact installs upon the shelf
Souls slimly cast: for me, I last,
I, wiser, braver, more myself.

Saturday Review.

John Davidson.

MILTON AND LONDON.

Proposals are on foot in the City of London for turning the little graveyard of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, into a public garden, and for placing in the pleasaunce thus formed a statue or other memorial of John Milton. Within the church lie Milton's bones. They lie in the chancel, but even in Aubrey's day the precise spot had become uncertain; and the scandalous so-called discovery of Milton's coffin and remains in 1790 left the matter dark as ever. A bust of the poet by John Bacon stands near the north-west door. This monument is not, however, much seen by the Cripplegate and Wood Street multitudes: for them the out-door monument is needed. The neighborhood is densely populous. All around the graveyard may be seen forests of scaffolding, where the destruction wrought by the great fire of last year is being made good. To the crowds of millinery hands, collar-makers, clerks and packers which these towering warehouses send forth at midday the new garden will be like a corner of paradise—regained. And whose figure so fit to greet the eye as Milton's? During many years of his life Milton lived within sound of St. Giles's bells. It should be remembered that Milton was a Londoner to the core. "A child of the very heart of Cockaigne," Professor Masson calls him, and he tells us that if Bow bells had fallen from their tower they might have crushed Milton's cradle.

Of Milton's ten London residences not one is left, though two or three have been standing within memory. The site of the house in Bread Street, Cheapside, in which Milton was born is easily identified; and we believe that the firm whose premises cover

the spot keep Milton's memory alive by a bust and an inscription. The house itself was inherited by Milton from his father, but he lost it in the Great Fire.

Milton's residence in London as a young man, after his travels, was the house of one Russel, a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard. The house stood, it is believed, on ground now occupied by the back part of the offices of *Punch*. Here Milton began to teach his nephews, the two young Phillipses. It was thence that Milton's first wife, Mary Powell, returned to her parents in disgust with the dulness of her life.

From St. Bride's Churchyard Milton removed to Aldersgate Street, then a fine street just outside the city walls. Howell says it was the most Italian in style of all the streets of London. Professor Masson's description of it in Milton's day is an admirable piece of work. Milton, we know, lived "at the end of an entry," and in a "garden-house"—i.e., a house with a fair-sized garden attached. Professor Masson writes on this point:—

It is possible that the entry may remain. On this chance, one would gladly go up all the present courts and entries on both sides of Aldersgate Street, rather than miss what might be the right one, though not in one of them would there be the least hope of identifying the garden-house. But no such vague exploration through the whole of the street is necessary. The wards of London, or districts represented by aldermen, are subdivided into smaller portions, called precincts, each represented by a Common Councilman; and Aldersgate Ward in its totality consisted of eight precincts, four within the Gate, and four without the Gate. The four precincts without the Gate, including the whole of Aldersgate street, with its courts and purlieus, were called respectively the First, Sec-

ond, Third and Fourth Precincts of St. Botolph's Parish; and it was in the Second Precinct of St. Botolph's Parish that Milton resided. That is, he resided in some entry going off from that part of the street which was nearest the Gate, and which is to be paced now between St. Martin's-le-Grand and Maidenhead Court, on the right side of the street, and between Little Britain and Westmoreland Alley on the left side. One would like to determine on which side of the street it was; but, though the old maps have given me an impression that there was most room for "garden-houses" on the right side, and particularly near Golden Lion court, where an old house still faces the street, I must leave the matter uncertain.

In 1645 Milton's pupils were so numerous that he required a larger house, a need that was deepened by his reconciliation with his froward wife, Mary Powell. As Professor Masson says, "It was no great move . . . there was no real change of neighborhood or of street associations." This house in the Barbican stood until recent years. Professor Masson himself had the joy of seeing it, when it was occupied by a silk dyer named Heaven! It was pulled down in 1864 by a railway company, and the contractor who broke it up had the grace to fix on it the notice, "This was Milton's house," before his workmen piled their crowbars.

Milton's school did not long survive its removal to the Barbican. It may be that he disbanded it after the death of his father, if, as is probable, his circumstances were materially improved by that event. Moreover, political work was absorbing the pedagogue and the poet. Milton's appointment as Secretary of Foreign Tongues led to his moving into Holborn, thence to Scotland Yard, and finally to Petty France, Westminster. In the last-named spot he lived for eight years; and, as No. 19, York Street, this house survived until recently. Here

it was that Milton became completely blind.

In his mature age Milton gravitated back to the city. Another short sojourn in Holborn marked his return eastward. Then we find him in Jewin Street, close to Cripplegate, where he married his third wife. Finally, in Artillery-walk, Bunhill-fields, Milton settled with his wife, Elizabeth Minshull, and his two daughters. Here were written "*Paradise Lost*," "*Paradise Regained*," and "*Samson Agonistes*."

It should not be forgotten that the early adventures of "*Paradise Lost*" were in this neighborhood. Little Britain, the book-selling quarter of Milton's day, lay just east of Aldersgate Street. The name still survives, but the old cluster of streets and alleys that bore it has vanished from sight as completely as the Fleet River. In Milton's day it was a place where bookmen loved to potter, and 'prentices to peep into the marvellous relations of travellers; a "plentiful and perpetual emporium of learned authors, and men went thither as to a market." This is the description of Little Britain given by Roger North; and the book-sellers, he tells us, were "knowing and conversable men." Here Izaak Walton met Doctor Sanderson one wet day: "He had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand." Here Milton, the greatest bookman of them all, would be seen on the arm of Millington, the famous auctioneer, then only a bookseller. Here "*Paradise Lost*" lay neglected on Simmons's shelves. And here, if Richardson's story be true, its merits were found out:—

The Earl of Dorset was in Little Britain, beating about for books to his taste; there was "*Paradise Lost*." He was surprised with some passages he struck upon dipping here and there, and bought it; the bookseller begg'd him to speak in its favor if he lik'd it, for that they lay on his hands as waste

paper (Jesus!). Shephard was present. My Lord took it home, read it, and sent it to Dryden, who in a short time returned it. "This man," says Dryden, "cuts us all out, and the ancients too."

Now, return we to Artillery Walk. We are told that Milton was to be found in "a small chamber hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, and dressed neatly in black; pale but not cadaverous; his hands and fingers gouty and with chalk stones. He used to sit in a grey, coarse cloth coat, at the door of his house in Bunhill Fields. In warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality." An interesting attempt to portray Milton in the act of dictating "*Samson Agonistes*" to the young and faithful wife who cheered him in the last years of his life was made by the late Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A. In this picture Milton's friend, Thomas Ellwood, is seated by the open window, through which there is a view of the tower of

The Academy.

St. Giles's, Cripplegate, framed by a creeper that has mounted the wall from the pleasant garden below. "*Samson Agonistes*" was written in 1667, while London was rebuilding after the Great Fire; Mr. Horsley has indicated the fact by introducing in the far distance a spire surrounded by scaffolding. It is a coincidence that Milton's home was threatened by the Great Fire, and that last year his tomb was threatened by the fire which devastated Jewin Street and its neighborhood.

Milton was a Londoner in the full sense of the word. He was gathered to his parish graveyard like a London merchant; and his bones were laid side by side with those of a lover and student of London. "I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together," writes Aubrey, trying to fix the poet's precise resting-place. But the graveyard has lawns, and plane-trees, and abundant flowers, and it is here—in the open air—that Milton, the great Londoner, should be seen in bronze or marble.

THE PRAYER OF CERVANTES.

Centuries ago, in a poor attic in a mean house and wintry city, a man sat writing. The year was 1605 and the city was Madrid. Mid-January was barely over, and the northern blasts, newly travelling from the snowy Guadarrama, swept pitilessly up and down the streets and rattled at the crazy casements, sending a hurricane of draught through every room, even the best defended of those unluxurious times. Otherwise the afternoon was fine and clear, the air at that salubrious altitude of crystal purity and clearness, and the sun, strong in light if weak in warmth, reflected full and

broadly from each flat whitewashed roof and balcony.

The man at the shaky ink-stained table kept writing, always writing. The floor was littered with a vast wealth of papers, legal for the most part, and headlined in a monstrous medieval type intended possibly to be ornamental. Of these he took no notice. A pile of coarse blank leaves, numbered in each corner, lay before him, and as the draught was threatening disarrangement he laid upon them, as a weight, his left forearm, clad in a black unfingered glove of some severe material, and with his other hand kept

ever writing, thrusting each sheet as it was finished beneath a twisted horseshoe at a corner of the table.

So sped the chilly hours. A fire of scraps of wood in a brazier blazed forth, waned, flickered, and went out, and the tinkling ash, escaping through the bars, fell every now and then distractingly upon the floor. The writer paid no heed, but as it grew from daylight into dusk, from twilight into dark, he struck a flint and lit an old oil-lamp, and still sat writing, now and then speaking to himself in a soft and pensive undertone.

At last, when the night was well advanced, the door opened, and a handsome girl of three or four and twenty years sprang merrily in and took the serious writer fairly by assault, as she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him long and ardently.

"Come," she said pouting, "come, little father, put away that horrid thing,"—and suiting the action to the word she struck the pen from his half-willing hand. "Father," she continued in a tone of mock reproach, "have you nothing to say to your little daughter?" She paused. "Oh, father, how we love each other, don't we?"—and at this latter question her voice broke down completely.

"*Ysabelita de mi vida*," said the writer in reply, straining her to his breast and looking earnestly into her dark eyes, reflecting many moods and memories, "Ysabel, may God never part us."

"Neither in this world nor the world to come," said the girl, with a half hysterical sob, returning the caress and laying her soft cheek tenderly against the veteran's wrinkled lips and rough moustache. "Come, father," she added with a brighter accent, "Tita and Mamalta are asleep: You are tired, I know," and she laid her delicate fingers to his throbbing temple with an infinitely gentle and compas-

sionate movement; "your head is hot, —come to bed."

"Soon, sweetheart; see, not another chapter, not two pages. Leave me to finish, dearest. I will take a holiday to-morrow."

"To-morrow," echoed the maid,—"you promise?"

"I promise."

The girl gazed at him, smiling sadly, but even the smile faded as she bade him good-night.

"Good-night," he whispered, enfolding her protectingly with his strong right arm, and his face grew beautiful as hers, transfigured by a love unspeakable.

The door closed, and the writer, gathering his thoughts for a moment, resumed his task. Two hours passed before the appointed sheets were filled and laid in order, the vertical, crabbed handwriting dried with powder, and the whole production put safely away in a drawer until the morrow.

The weary scribe, too tired to go to bed, belted on his rapier, took his hat, and, smoothing out the broken plume that stuck apologetically from the riband, strode quietly down the stairs and forth into the street, baring his throbbing forehead for a moment to the midnight air.

The city was still enough, the great immensity of human life asleep, the shutters pulled and bolted, the iron bars scowling, black and cold, each studded door inexorably closed. The writer walked, he cared not whither, pondering on old fears, old hopes, and new prospects, up the Calle Mayor to the grim Alcazar and the tortuous quarter of the Cuesta de la Vega, and back again to the space where stood the older Arch of Alcala, long since destroyed, up one street, down another, finding a crude relief in such forlorn peregrination.

At last he reached a church, the church of San Isidro (it stands no

longer), where a midnight service was being sung, and stopped to think and listen, feeling impelled to thought and thoughtful music. The keen wind stabbed through and through him. With a quick, impatient movement he drew his thin cloak more closely round his throat and stepped yet nearer to the sounds. The organ swelled, and pealed and trumpeted some glorious anthem, sweet and strong and pure.

"Speak *thou* for me," said the listener, apostrophising the unconscious echoer of man's harmonies and discords; "speak *thou* for me, for Catalina, for Andrea, for little Ysabel." A memory seemed to strike him at the latter name, and his frame trembled with anguish. "Or if not for myself," he added, growing more vehemently earnest with each impassioned word, "at least for those poor creatures, women all and weak. Let them not suffer want and nakedness and hunger. For them, oh, Mary, hear my prayer! Speak *thou*; God is not God if He refuse to hear." The voices rose above the mellow music of the pipes, more shrill, more exquisite, more human, more inspired, until at last all died away together and the world was still.

The heart of the listener was chastened by that holy service and his own petition. He turned for home, and as he went his spirit sang within him. What matter if an earthly wind were bitter, if the doors of earthly houses frowned against him? The gates of fame, of providence, of heaven, stood open wide; his prescience foreknew, and his enraptured eyes had need to look no further.

About the doorstep of his home three men were talking loudly, their voices grating brutally upon the restful language of the night. No one grows more absorbed in argument than a Spaniard; and the greatest and most neglected writer of his age, with that swift ap-

preciation of the national temper which has won for him the adoration of the world, stood tolerantly aside to gain his entrance when the difference should be over.

"I tell you," said the most considerable of the disputants, a tall, obese, and bulky giant, gesticulating with a corner of his cloak, "it is a filthy and abominable work. You do not know the harm it threatens. It is a disgrace to Spain. The king—"

"Has laughed over it to himself," broke in the second night-bird, mildly but incisively. "The duke was saying so to-day."

"*Mentira!*" bellowed the huge protagonist, glaring savagely into his cor-rector's face. "You lie, Patricio!"

"Hush," exclaimed the third, "hush! *Callad, escandalosos!* Enough of these scandals! Come away, both of you. All I know is, La Cuesta told me this morning a hundred copies have been sold in fifteen days," and drawing his arm through his companions', he led them off protesting confusedly.

The forbearing listener, entering, closed the door behind him, and knelt. A stream of moonlight filled the inner court, and drew in shining relief upon the darkened stair that aged figure kneeling simply as a child, the bowed head crowned with sparse and silvery hair, the maimed left hand uplifted with its comelier fellow to address the Lord.

So many minutes he remained on his knees that the impulsive attitude of his arrival yielded to a most complete and placid calm. His lips moved as if once more in prayer; his hat was laid beside him on the pavement, and now and again a silent breath of air, no longer violent, straying from the eddies in the street, touched softly on those silvery strands and stirred them from the high and gentle forehead.

He thought no more of misery and hunger, but, rising to his feet, laughed

gally at the vehemence of the big disputer. As he ascended stair by stair his laugh continued echoing,—then, re-

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membering the women were asleep, he checked his merriment and crept contentedly to bed.

Leonard Williams.

THE IMMORALITY OF CROQUET.

The Latin proverb, *in vino veritas*, was all very well for the good old days when every man measured his virility by the bottle, and it was considered the proper thing to go home, after a quiet evening spent with friends, slumbering in a wheelbarrow. Character would reveal itself with perfect open-heartedness after three bottles of port, a dozen of claret, or a quarter-cask of home-brewed ale. But nowadays—when it is thought vulgar for anybody less than a judge to become incoherent—it is not so easy to summarize our friend's failings. Their real nature is concealed from us by a barrier of sobriety which the curse of conventionality seldom allows to be broken through. Of course we get occasional peeps of the cloven hoof in a variety of ways. A travelling mania in the direction of Paris will often give a clue to depths of depravity which even a gallon of spirits might fail to bring to the surface. There is the turf to test one's dishonesty, professed Christianity to put one's uncharitableness to proof, sports of various kinds to measure undreamt-of heights of mendacity in their votaries. But the ingenuity of man has never conceived anything better calculated to bring out all the evil passions of humanity than the so-called game of croquet.

Its whole appearance is vilely deceptive. There is a nice, smooth, green lawn, dotted here and there with beds of sweet-smelling flowers which fill the air with a drowsy sense of perfume. The busy bee hums from blossom to blossom, gathering food for its winter

granaries. From the fields is wafted the exquisite scent of new-mown hay, and the occasional lowing of cattle lends an additional charm to the scene. Overhead an August sun is pouring its perpendicular rays upon the earth; but a few large elms cover the lawn with cool and grateful shade. In the midst of this summer idyll two charming young women appear on the terrace, looking delightfully fresh in their white gowns and large hats. They trip lightly down the steps to the garden below, and join two young men who are busy making preparations for the game.

Nature is smiling; everybody seems radiant with amiability and happiness. The four young people discuss the question of partners. It is made clear that the strongest must play with the weakest to balance the game; but this proposition awakens a dark spirit of jealous rivalry. The two ladies are standing with linked arms, which they now disengage with feline grace, wreathing their lips into false and bitter smiles. The men talk the matter out with studied politeness and scowling faces. When it has been arranged on a basis unsatisfactory to them all, play begins. As each player in succession passes through the first hoop, he or she undergoes a moral metamorphosis. An intensified knowledge of good and evil—principally of evil—comes to each. They become suddenly aware of depths of slumbering depravity in themselves hitherto unsuspected. The sense of honor has become blunted. One pushes his ball to a more conven-

ent spot when nobody is looking that way; another declares that hers touched somebody else's in passing, well knowing that she is the only person in a position to have seen daylight between them; the third is busy knocking in the second hoop, so that her ball may pass through more easily; number four is lying low, awaiting a convenient opportunity to deceive the rest. Stage the first, everybody has degenerated into a cheat.

Now a player captures the ball of one of his antagonists. It is beautifully placed in front of its hoop, and a look of brutish ferocity leaps into his eye as he smites it away with all his malignant force. The owner of the croqueted ball grows purple in the face; he has rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and the veins in his arms stand out like knotted whipcord as a murderous impulse surges through his brain; he grasps his mallet more tightly, and inwardly resolves to work the ruin of his friend over that little private stock exchange transaction next week. The ladies, catching the infection, are saying the sweetest things to each other; amenities which, if the masculine mind could grasp their real significance, would set every hair of the onlookers in an upright rigidity of horror. In the light of missing hoops, croqueted balls and blundering miscalculations, horrible constructions are mentally placed upon events which seemed but yesterday innocent and innocuous; the tide of past events, smiled at indulgently the day before, swells now into a flood of shameful revelation. The male antagonist becomes a creature too vile for language; the grace of womanhood has departed with the third hoop. By the time the fourth is reached all are in boiling rages. Such words as liar, cheat, brute, scoundrel or viper have passed into currency.

Saturday Review.

Rules are improvised as the game proceeds; and the basest subterfuges resorted to in order to gain a point.

It is not long before every honorable feeling, every dictate of morality has become obliterated. In place of our refined and upright people are two pairs of gruesome moral monstrosities, full of bitter loathing and antagonism, of low devilish cunning and murderous passion, each plotting some nameless revenge upon the other. The poison of croquet eats deeper and deeper into their souls. Their baser qualities are called to the surface, as the reeking mud of the river is stirred by the barge pole; they are laid bare in their inner hideousness, and see each other as they really are. The brute beast which underlies the thin polish of civilization is unchained; goaded to fury by each corrosive click of the croquet balls it transforms gentle, chivalrous, good-humored man into a blaspheming, savage bully, converts the sweetest and purest type of English maidenhood into a sly, snarling, cheating, brawling spittfire. The hoop, which beckons so temptingly and guilelessly from its carpet of green sward to cool and quiet croquet, is the gaping jaw of Hades. Who takes the mallet in his hand has grasped naked vice; and who passes through the treacherous wire portal leaves virtue, honor and charity behind. Our forefathers early recognized the insidious wickedness of the game, and rooted it out of English sport. But an unsuspecting generation has revived this Frankenstein monster of recreation; and well were it for the future of England's moral health if one half the enthusiasm which is being displayed by the clergy and laity for and against the comparative harmlessness of wax tapers, were enlisted for the purpose of suppressing the immoral practise of croquet.